

Reality

Consciousness has Many Octaves
and All Together Produce Reality

MARCH
1939

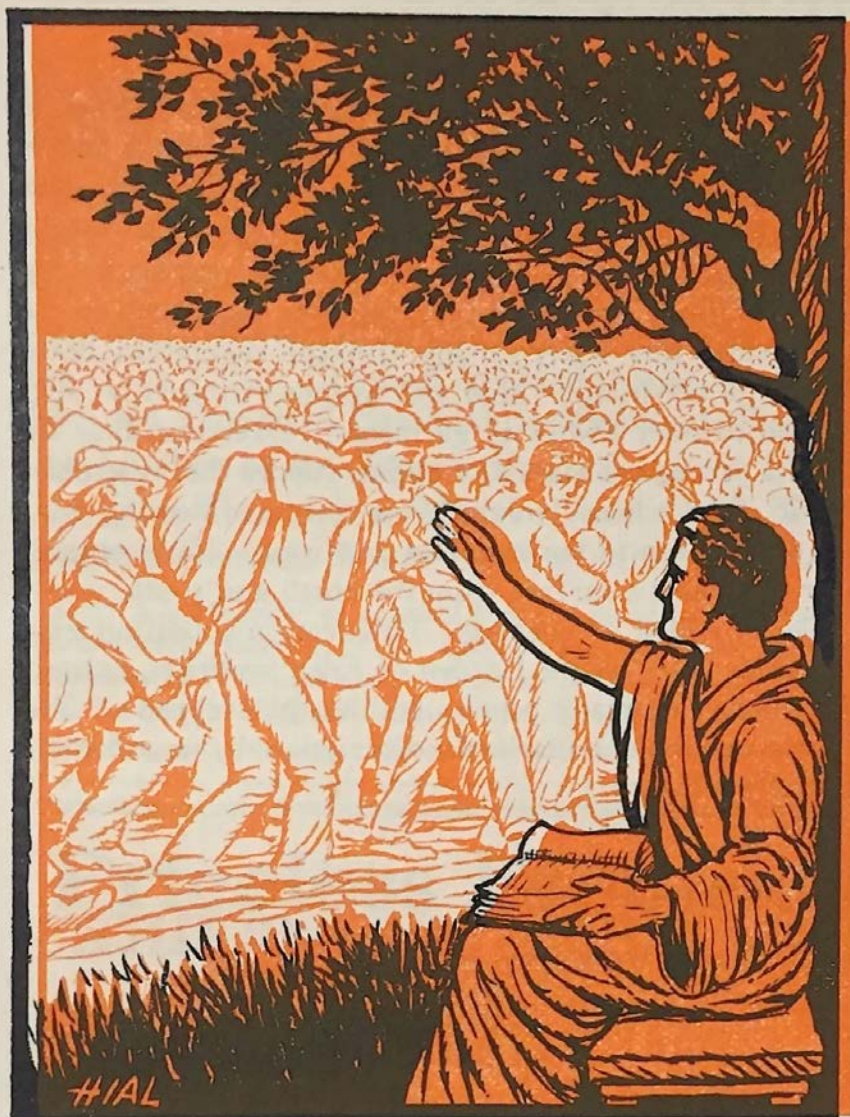


A Pelley Publication

The New Creed

ERROR moves in cycles; Truth moves in spirals. Ignorance lags in stalemates; Wisdom rolls in billows. Every few hundred years the religions of the world become formalized. When the heartbeat of Spirit is at its lowest rate, then comes Truth anew, flashed unto humankind as a beacon in vast darkness. ✠ Always it is the same Doctrine, though it wear a score of guises: Man lives many lives on earth and thereby perfects himself to know the Heavens of Higher Octaves. Spirit is eternal, existing both ways from the present. Consciousness grows to self-knowledge through function. Pain is ennobling; suffering is valorous. High above humanity hover Great Avatars; they shepherd the nations from suicidal excess even as they keep the babe from the cliff-edge. ✠ Potentates of Valor arise and combat the allegation that such excellencies are heresies. Humanity slays them, but in slaying them it profits them. Martyrs are troglodytes, learning to be Saviors. ✠ Who shall say where and when the Doctrine shall appear afresh? The Voice may speak from a Burning Bush on a Midian hillside or from the mysteries of Clairaudience in the attic of a city. ✠ God is not anywhere. God is Everywhere! As for the Kingdom of Heaven, it is not to be found outside your own graciousness. ✠ Thus the Liberation Doctrine—scroll unto freedom! Old worlds disintegrate, old fetishes wobble; out of the womb of Time and Change is born the fresh majesty of Wisdom Ennobled. ✠ God be merciful unto the least of us, for we are the Bigoted, enraged at proffered splendors. ✠

Great Teachers have Brought New Wisdom



NO matter what your religious faith, or race, you must concede that great new changes are on their way in, to affect all humanity. Knowledge suppressed for generations is about to be released, altering the institutions of all mankind. This knowledge concerns the fields of—

ASTRONOMY
GEOLOGY
ANTHROPOLOGY
HISTORY
RELIGION
METAPHYSICS
ECONOMICS

THERE had to be some course of instruction offered to interested persons who do not wish to be caught unawares in not knowing the exact nature of these alterations as they are introduced.

**You take as much or as little of this
Knowledge as you choose**

IF YOU have never heard of the stupendous Aquarian Enlightenment Course that was instigated in the Galahad Summer School in Asheville, in July of 1932, you have missed the particulars of a Mighty Inspiration!

THIS Magazine, both as to contents and advertisements, introduces you to the fact that this great Program of Enlightenment exists. If you are reading it for the first time, make a serious business of obtaining the details!

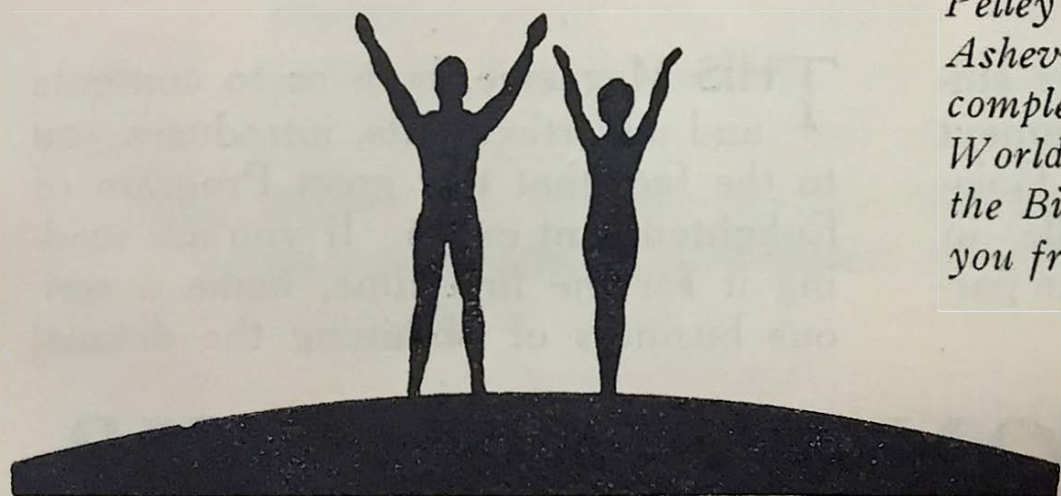
FOUNDATION FELLOWSHIP
BOX 2630 : ASHEVILLE : NORTH CAROLINA

*“For thousands of years men suspected
that the heavens held a Sun, but not
till after the Flood did they see it!”*

DID YOU know that society had reached a high degree of civilization in the antediluvian world—or the world before the Flood—without mankind ever having seen the sun? Between the planet's surface and Old Sol hung a colossal water-canopy, caused by the more rapid revolution of the earth holding our present oceans' contents suspended in the skies. Under this water-canopy tropical vegetation flourished as in a hot-house. Men and women required no such protection to their bodies as garments. Overspreading the sky was a permanent mass of rippling vapors that resembled a titanic Tree whose boughs were forever blowing in a gale from horizon to horizon, east and west. Light entered in over the planet's surface from the north and south, where the poles provided an opening. This terrain condition gave the scientific basis for the Garden of Eden tradition, existent in the folklore of many peoples besides the Hebrews. You can get the whole remarkable description by reading the first *twelve* of—

The Galahad Lectures

The Galahad Lectures cost Four for a Dollar, beautifully printed brochures that describe the whole past history of our world from the esoteric standpoint. There are a hundred of them, delivered by Mr. Pelley at Galahad Summer School in Asheville, N. C., in 1932, constituting a complete Unwritten History of the World. Send for a sample Four and have the Biblical book of Genesis explained to you from the astronomical angle.



THE FOUNDATION FELLOWSHIP : : ASHEVILLE, N. C.



CONTENTS

The Man Who Gripes.....	Page 1
Could You Draw a Blueprint of Your Mortal Career?.....	Page 3
Are Your Troubles Truly Due to a Shortage of Money?	Page 6
What Was the Real Motive Behind Your Marriage?	Page 9
Are You Using Your Children to Alibi Your Stupidity?	Page 12
Do You Possess the Stamina to Rise above Mediocrity?	Page 15
Are You Easily Crushed by Misfortune or Criticism?	Page 18
Why Do Powerful Personalities Subtly Influence You?	Page 21
Can Quality of Intelligence Be Deliberately Lifted?	Page 24
Can One Thoughtless Mistake Ruin One's Whole Life?	Page 27
Would a Remade World Be One After Your Own Ideas?	Page 30

REALITY is a Magazine of practical Esoterics issued on the fifteenth of each month by THE PELLEY PUBLISHERS, Box 2630, Asheville, N. C. Contents copyrighted by the Editor, WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY, 1939. Art decorations by Hial Cummings. Types set by Elva Hinton. Page composition by F. S. Cunningham. Press work by Dwight Williams. Terms of Subscription: One year of Twelve Numbers, \$3. Six Months, \$2. Thirty-five cents per copy. Please make all remittances payable to THE PELLEY PUBLISHERS, Asheville, N. C.

Priceless Esoteric Information

in a score of Back Numbers of

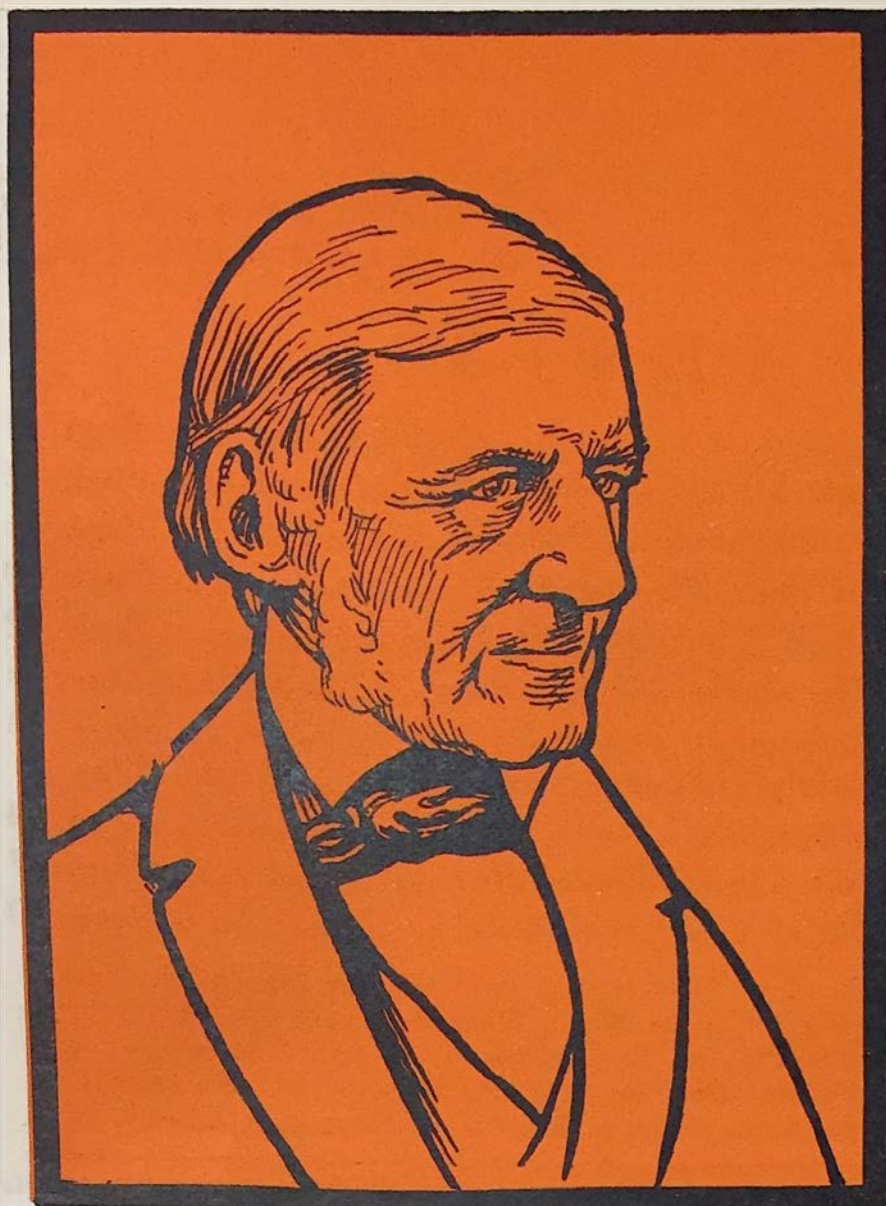
Reality Magazines

Perhaps this is the first number of Reality Magazine which you have ever seen! Or perhaps you have only recently become a reader and have a curiosity to know what has been printed along the lines of the present contents in earlier issues!.. The Publishers' stockroom shows scores of copies of back numbers that are available for mailing out to interested persons. Why not let them make you up a packet?.. They cannot guarantee continuity of monthly dates, but after all, it's the priceless information contained in these magazines that you're truly interested in securing. Merely specify in your letter with what number your Reality reading commenced, to avoid receiving duplicates.

Packet of Six Assorted Copies, \$1

THE PELLEY PUBLISHERS : ASHEVILLE, N. C.

“Emerson was Clairaudient!”



DURING the last years of his life, Emerson stayed locked in his study for days at a time. His actions were so peculiar that the people of Concord whispered that he had lost his mind. But we now have every evidence for believing that the author of “Self-Reliance” and the other immortal Emerson essays had merely developed the talent of recording from hyperdimensional dictation. Emerson, however, never divulged what the true origin of his writings was. He allowed the world to think that Transcendentalism was his own philosophical creation, and no deception intended. Seventy years ago

the recording of intelligence out of Higher Octaves would have been considered as quackery or proof of mental unbalance. Emerson kept quiet about the source of his inspiration as a matter of hard Yankee commonsense ❧ ❧

The Liberation Scripts

which William Dudley Pelley started to record in New York City in October of 1928 bear every aspect of having originated in the same sources from which came the fundamental principles of Concord Transcendentalism. Only Mr. Pelley made no secret of their mystic authorship. Had he put them out as his own writings, he might have been called one of the great sages of our times. ¶ There are over 5,000 pages of these Scripts, which their recorder confesses he does not know the authorship of, himself. If you have never read any of them, you should send for a set of Four, and acquaint yourself with the new heights to which Transcendentalism has climbed in the fourth decade of the twentieth century. They will cost you but a Dollar!

Address . .

The
Pelley
Publishers

Box 2630

Asheville,
North Carolina

In the *Reality* Stock-room are Hundreds of Odd Copies of *Little Visits*

The Pocket Magazine of American Biography : by Pelley
WHICH MIGHT BETTER BE IN YOUR POSSESSION

¶ Not many years are going to pass before these capsule Biographies by the Editor of "Reality" are going to be recognized as a new method for telling American History. You are going to want your files of the original editions complete! Pelley Publishers have hundreds of odd copies of the first magazines in their stockrooms, out of which you may order any of the following titles, at the rate of

PACKET OF TEN, all different, for \$1.00

MART PINZON
AMMIE VESPUCIUS
FERDIE MAGELLAN
FRANK DRAKE
FRANK CORONADO
HERNIE CORTEZ
VASCO BALBOA
JACK CABOT

JACK CARTIER
HENRY HUDSON
FERDIE DE SOTO
PONCE DE LEON
GIO VERRAZANO
SAM CHAMPLAIN
JOHN CARVER
MILES STANDISH

JOHN SMITH
PETE STUYVESANT
JOHN ELIOT
WILL BRADFORD
ROGER WILLIAMS
JIM OGLETHORPE
PERE MARQUETTE
BOB LA SALLE

Just How Well Educated are You ?

¶ If you had to pass a test this afternoon, describing the intimate lives and careers of these bygone Americans, who they were, what they actually did to entitle them to distinction, could you do it? You have a general idea of the periods in which they lived and operated, but have you enough intimate knowledge of their private lives to meet them in the Hereafter and call them by their first names?

¶ Include a Dollar for a packet of these enthralling little Pocket Magazines in your forthcoming order for literature to Asheville! Possess a complete file of LITTLE VISITS and have it on your reading table as a mark of distinction ✻

THE PELLEY PUBLISHERS
Box 2630, Asheville, North Carolina

"45 QUESTIONS"

*that People ask most frequently
about the Jews : with the Answers*



There is an old adage: "What you don't know, won't hurt you." The only trouble with it is, the exact reverse happens to be the truth. It's what you don't know that does hurt you, because you lack the protective armor of knowledge.

All over the earth today, the Jewish Question is being agitated. It cuts no figure what one's personal convictions or prejudices may be, regarding it, the true metaphysician is concerned in one thing only: "What is the *truth* regarding this particular people, and does knowledge about them exist which is not generally known?"

It is for the purpose of giving the unbiased racial and religious fundamentals about the world's Jews—and the problem they constitute—that the Pelley Publishers have printed a 48-Page booklet of unbiased information that people of *all* religious beliefs should read.

After all, sooner or later the problem which the Jew presents must be solved by *facts*!

TRUTH, NOT ANTI-SEMITISM

THE 45 QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS is a durable little booklet of 48 closely-typed pages that gives you facts about the Israelites, both ancient and modern, that you could not find for yourself without searching through libraries of books. It settles the argument as to whether Jewry is a race or a religion. It tells you facts you have never known about the Tal-

muds, the Sanhedrin, the rabbis, and the rights of present-day Jews to designate themselves as the Seed of Abraham. It supplies enlightenment on 45 knotty points regarding the international headache which the Jew has become, rightly or wrongly, the earth over. And the price is only 25c THE COPY, Six for \$1.00, or ONE HUNDRED FOR \$12.50 for organizations.

The Pelley Publishers : : Asheville, N. C.



Reality

Magazine

Volume II

MARCH, 1939

Number 6

The Man Who Gripes

LET us consider today's average American. He is forty-five years old, and has a wife and three children. He earns a hundred and twenty dollars a month, of which he pays a fourth for house rent. He drives an automobile that cost seven hundred dollars, new, and forever has one tire upon it patched as to inner tube, that may blow out at any moment when his speed exceeds fifty miles per hour, and hurl him in the ditch. Yet it rarely blows out; it rather goes soft in heaviest traffic, or when he is weariest at night and wants to get home with speed and despatch. This happens in a community that averages twenty-five thousand people, seven churches, four movies, two daily newspapers, and four thousand radios—most of which are turned on when wives start housework in the morning and are left to blare brassily straight through till midnight, with families conversing shrilly above ads for corn-salve. But something is wrong with this American's life. Once as a lad he dreamed of a dominant and affluent maturity. He had boyishly defined ideas of "what he wanted to be," and suspected no obstacles to attainment of ambitions. As he stood on the threshold of manhood with a moderate educational period behind him, the first thing side-tracking him was the great war in Europe. Either he volunteered to go to France, or presently was drafted. He got three or four minor scratches, a couple of whiffs of gas, a chance to see the Old World, and a sudden revelation of human nature in the raw that made him mature before his time. He came back to the home town of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and suddenly married the high school girl who had "waited" for him, because back in '17 it was the romantic thing to do. To support this girl, who presently had a baby, he took the first job that offered: a place in the local hardware factory, where he assisted in the shipping department for eighteen dollars a week. But the job was a makeshift. By the time his second girl was born, he had held three subsequent jobs, subscribed to a correspondence school course that should put him in line for fifty dollars a week in ten easy lessons, bought a second-hand automobile,



and contracted to meet the payments on a five-room suburban house. The war-liquidation period passed, the speculative craze ran its course, the stock-market crash dealt a diaphragm blow to industry, and his last child was born while he was tramping the streets looking for a job in the first year of Depression.

TODAY Mr. Average American sees his fiftieth year stalking him. He has premature gray in his hair, deep lines across his forehead, slightly bloodshot eyes, and cynical lines about his mouth. He works four days a week and has a federal loan on his tawdry five-room house. His oldest boy has given up the idea of college and gone to work at the filling-station "in order to help out." His wife loves him after a fashion—the affection that grows from trial-and-error companionship—but often regards him quizzically, and implies in moments of temper that she ruined her life by marrying him.

All in all, Mr. Average American in his forty-fifth year is griping. He is griping at a social system that shipped him to France without his consent and ruined his adolescent prospects. He is griping at Wall Street for a financial system that was capable of plunging the country into alternate Speculation and Depression. He is griping at Mortality that "saddled" him with a wife and three offspring that he hasn't been capable of supporting successfully, and that are showing themselves to be disheartening mediocrities. He is griping at a theological set-up that warns him not to go out and shoot anybody because of the raw deal life has given him, else he will not only hang by the neck until he is dead but fry on a griddle in Hades forever and God will be glad to thus hotly dispose of him. He is, in short, griping at everything and everyone but himself.

Actually, from the esoteric standpoint, there are ten things wrong with Mr. American.

Of course it never occurs to him to turn the eye of analysis inward, or to take a week off and gripe strictly at himself. Because Mr. Average American has never thrust his fingers into his employer's till, never visited the brassy blonde in the shack across the railroad tracks, never heaved bricks at a local pastor, or kicked any crutches from underneath cripples, he feels that life should have been kinder to him generally. The whole world is addled, but he as its prime occupant has been used with decided shabbiness. And along with his gripe goes a tremor of panic.

The best of his life is already behind him. His mortal career is a mediocre wash-out. He has overheard street critics refer to him as "that old man," and with scarcely a dollar left to spend on himself of a Saturday night, he is seriously wondering if he might build up an auxiliary income taking magazine subscriptions.

There are ten things wrong with him—ten spiritual complications of which he is the centrosome. Let us see what they are, and mayhap profit personally.

Mysticism says: "There is no such thing as Age. Failure is comparative. We have as many lives to live as spiritual necessity demands."

All of which boils down to Poor Richard's immortal axiom—"ONLY THAT WHICH HURTS, EDUCATES!"



Could You Draw a Blueprint of Your Mortal Career?



THE PERSON who, in his forty-fifth year, begins lamenting that life is a wastage and a spoil, must have had definite ideas at some earlier date of what his better career should have been, in order to make such comparisons possible at all. This of itself involves a quality of intelligence that we can by no means designate as common. Persons who can be correctly designated as common, never give a thought to their comparative success or failure in life, the calendar around.

It seems a noteworthy fact that the vast bulk of the human race has only arrived at that quality of consciousness where "being" of itself is what intrigues it, not the social gradation of the personal function. ✿ ✿

The great human herd, from Greenland's icy mountain to India's coral strand, seems as gratified as it is amazed, merely to find itself alive. If let alone, and not made to suffer undue physical privations, it accepts caste and rank without the slightest resentment. In fact, it will help to defend and preserve caste and rank, by a sort of spiritual instinct, as being quite the proper organization of mortal society. It does this in a blind acceptance that the day will arrive when it will merit the same defense and protection and so it creates the cosmic obligation in advance. If amazement at life itself in the very

common person be doubted, watch the expression on the face of a peasant at the singing flight of the meadow lark, or the birth of young to one of his animals, or the splendor of royalty suddenly revealed in flashing sunlight.

Much maudlin sentiment has been poured out—like sickish frosting over black-bread—to the effect that upper-caste humanity should get very much excited over the lack of equity in the lot of the honest hand-artisan in the lower brackets, because the latter seems so cruelly denied the social advantages which those in the upper brackets are supposed to enjoy to surfeit.

Poems like Markham's "Man with the Hoe" are sighed over by the pseudo-intelligentsia, and great social revolutions are promoted, that troglodytes may be transformed into princes overnight.



IN ALL the mawkish and mischievous business, the point is overlooked that what the intelligentsia happens to be doing is transposing its own quality of consciousness to the plight of the peasant, and working up much lather as to how the intelligentsia would feel if transferred to the commoner's status while still retaining and exercising its upper-bracket standards of intellectual sensation. ✿ ✿

And nothing of the sort could actually occur. ✿ ✿

Speaking now of great masses of humankind in the raw, the peasant is born the peasant because becoming the peasant is the fullest capability of his mental and spiritual development that he has arrived at, to the moment. ¶ It is his earthly brevet to be that type of lowly husbandman, and if he be let alone and not exploited, he will derive quite as much pleasure and profit from that role as any prince in his palace or poet in his attic.

His life is by no means a failure, because he was born a peasant and not a prince, or lives as a husbandman and not a poet.

It is, nine times out of ten, the intelligentsia caste's plotting evil in its own right, that its own higher-intellect interests may be the better served, that makes out the peasant's lot to be a sorry one indeed, and bestirs the troglodyte to grab up a pitchfork and go on a rampage. ✿ ✿

There is scarcely a case in history where honest peasants, humanely treated and equitably rewarded for wholesome toil, have ever revolted of themselves, or petitioned legislatures to raise them to dukedoms. ✿ ✿

It is Nature herself who has made these distinctions, and most of earth's turmoil comes from unbalanced busybodies' striving to readapt society to their notions of what the world should be, if only they had the power to make all folk like themselves.



THE PERSON then, who in his forty-fifth year is given to lamentation over the "failure" of his career, had a certain degree of intellect to start with, and could view society and advancement objectively. This he did, and tentatively classified himself. He was not content with merely being alive. His aliveness must take some peculiar form, pattern, design, or function. He meant to start in one place and finish in another.

Being born in a family without worldly goods, he meant to end his own days amply supplied with kine and shekels. Or being projected into life through a family strain without community recognition, he meant by his efforts to bring himself to the attention of the masses in such an indisputable way that monuments would display his name, and holidays preserve his memory.

Broken down and looked at nakedly, however, both of these are but Complexes to Power.

The youthful aspirant has said to himself: "I have gotten myself born into a status without goods-power or social influence. I will set about gaining to one or both. If I so acquire these, I shall term myself 'successful.' If I do not acquire them, I shall term myself a 'failure'."

So people of wealth—which is goods-power—are generally regarded as successes on the one hand, and people of social influence—or daily domination of associated spirit-souls—are conceded to be successes on the other.

It is attainment to goods or social power that is popularly commended as Ambition, and having accomplished such objectives there is little or no lamenting the "failure" of the life.

Where the average man has fallen down, however, when he reaches his forty-fifth year and declares himself a failure, is in confusing the Wish-to-Power with the Will-to-Power.

The difference between the two—at least as it works in practice—is the existence of a blueprint, or chart, consciously acknowledged, concerning what the life-role shall encompass.



THE MAN with the Will-to-Power has taken stock of himself subconsciously or otherwise, and drawn his Life Chart more or less deliberately. He has said: "This is what I purpose to represent before my fellows on my forty-fifth birth-

day. I will either have thus-and-such wealth, or this-or-that social influence. In other words, I know precisely what I want to become, and shall permit absolutely nothing to stand in the way of my accomplishment." It may be a business career that such a one selects. It may be a profession. It may be a Science. It may be one of the fine arts. No matter! The young man with such Will-to-Power concentrates on that, and that alone. We say popularly that he "specializes."

The more proper description would be that he "draws his blueprint." Having drawn his blueprint, he assiduously follows it. *✿ ✿*

He erects his career more or less as a contractor erects a skyscraper. He may not achieve all that he sets out privately to achieve, but he does lift his personality head and shoulders above his fellows. So men acclaim that he has attained Success.

The other man, with only the Wish-to-Power, had the intellectual realization of his deficient beginnings, thereby indicating that he could make social comparisons and understand their import. ¶ But that is all that he had.

He designed no blueprint for his life.

He bemoans at forty-five that he does not command what his one-time friend now commands who did design a blueprint. But take note of this—his life is not truly a failure since his status has not altered! He had only the Wish-to-Power at twenty. He still has the Wish-to-Power twenty-five years later. His body has made a lot of motions in that quarter-century, and biologically grown older. *✿ ✿*

Spiritually considered, the man with only the Wish-to-Power has scarcely moved an inch.

At forty-five he is precisely what he was, and where he was, at twenty.

It is the man with the Will-to-Power, who has adamantly blueprinted and charted his career, specialized and focused on reaching a given status at a

given date, avoided all frustrations and obstructions, and then—after twenty-five years of such—met with acute reversal, who has the true prerogative of saying: "I perceive I am a Failure!"

Yet the funny fact is, such men rarely are! *✿ ✿*

Blueprints, charts, specializings, and focusings, never result in abject failures. The essences of their functionings do not permit it.



WHAT Mr. Average American more correctly should say to himself is: "For twenty-five years I have been standing stock-still. I have known War, Romance, and the joy of discovering an unsuspected half-dollar in a worn-out vest. But I am precisely in the spot that I occupied at twenty. For two and a half decades I have been merely funning around, experiencing the business of Existing. Now then, at seventy I am going to look backward on a similar span of time, that I now am deploring as having been fruitless when I regard the age of twenty from the perspective of the present. Am I going to live according to a Will-to-Power blueprint during the coming quarter-century, or am I going to remain in one spot for another two-and-a-half decades? In other words, what am I going to be at seventy, so that my soul and the world acclaim me a Success?"

When a man of forty-five thus challenges himself, it may hit him with all the aspects of shock to discover that he cannot tell what he really wants to be at seventy, any more than he can explain what he truly deplores as not having achieved at forty-five.

Which brings us to this conclusion: Mr. Average American IS average because he cannot etch cleanly and sharply just what he should aspire to be, that would make him the antithesis of what he finds himself at present.



Are Your Troubles Really Due to a Shortage of Money?

NINETY-NINE out of a hundred persons, castigating themselves as Failures at forty-five, do so because they realize that the half-century mark is only five years away, and they are inconveniently unpossessed of Money. No average American, knowing that the assets which he has compiled by his own labor are figurable in millions, considers himself a Failure.

Now and then in story or drama, we meet with the eccentric who sighs above the diamonds in his shirt-front: "I can write my cheque for a million dollars. All the same, I am a failure!"

But nobody believes him, and the average American laughs at him brassily. Such an eccentric may go on to narrate how the focusing of his life forces has kept a loving woman from his life. He may have caused some competitor to commit suicide, and the act of the victim be upon his conscience. Or he may have looted an orphan asylum or fired an infirmary for crippled veterans. All of it has nothing to do with the fact that he IS in possession of the fiscal power that means the influence to which he aspired at twenty. Such pricks of conscience concern the ethical methods—or lack of them—by which he ascended to the status of Power.

Fellow Americans boo such declaration because of its intrinsic falseness. The eccentric is uttering a manifest paradox.

Let us keep our thinking straight in such an analysis, and not be misled by sentimentalities. ✿ ✿

Success, intrinsically, is the acquisition of Power in any form.

In our present civilization, the Money Power is dominant over all other forms of power for indisputable effects, and positive results.

The man who has acquired Money, has acquired Power—for all practical purposes. ✿ ✿

But in acquiring Money—which is synonymous with Power to all practical purposes—and both of which represent Success, or at least absence of Failure, can we say that such a person has truly graduated from the hecklements of mortal complications?

Has he, in other words, left troubles behind him?

THE ANSWER, probably, will be in the emphatic negative. It is generally agreed that the greater the Money, the greater the Power, the greater the

Power, the greater the Success, and consistently the greater is the trouble visited on the possessor to retain all three. Conversely, therefore, looking at Mr. Average American who is in a funk because his life at forty-five spells failure, we find him inclined to attribute his predicament to a shortage of fiscal resource. ✿ ✿

He thinks that if he had money, plenty of money, he would be in a position to escape the quandaries which make his present life a nightmare, whereas it is acknowledged on the other hand that the more the money, the greater the difficulties to retain its possession! ¶ So, in the face of such paradox, we confront him with the challenge: Are his troubles truly due to his constant lack of currency?

The sudden possession of prodigious amounts of currency at forty-five would doubtless dismiss certain creditors from his doorstep, who are harassing him to distraction at this moment, but what guarantee is such convenient or relieving dismissal that month after next, or year after next, the same doorstep would not receive a wholly new crop of creditors, representing in the financial form still other complications?

Or put it in this way: Two men start out at twenty upon an equal footing. At forty-five one of them has a million dollars and no creditors; the other has no money and creditors who resemble the crowd at a ball park.

What policies has the first pursued that the second has disregarded? Let us look metaphysically for the moment at the nature of Money.

What is Money, that either a plentitude or a lack of it results in twin nightmares, though from widely separate causes?



ONEY, says the political economist, is the exchangeable symbol for produced or stored-up wealth—or cached goods derived directly or indirectly from the bosom of Mother Earth. But Money defined by the metaphysician takes a distinctly different aspect—¶ “Money is the practical demonstration of a man’s true worth to that society amidst which he operates!” Such definition, of course, gives us pause. We are inclined to gasp at once: “But how would that apply to the so-

cial worth of such a Personage as Jesus of Nazareth?” Great mentors assure us that the proposition holds adamantly. ¶ It is because we cannot estimate Christ Jesus’ worth to society in money—there not being enough currency in existence to compute or pay it—that we are inclined to think it blasphemy to measure such worth in money at all. So we dismiss it as unthinkable. And truly, so it is!

Yet coming down to lesser personages and their service-values to society, we are by no means thus handicapped.

Generally speaking, society’s way of expressing a man’s worth to it, whether as a great inventor, a great physician, a great novelist, or even a great taxidermist, lies in the amounts of money it is willing to transfer to his bank account for serving it.

Those in the higher octaves cannot think of worldly money in any other aspect. ¶

Men of true and sustained worth to society, actually serving the race in some other form than errant caprice or brilliant accident, find themselves on few Relief lists.

Outside of passing instances of friendship, the services of such men are competed for in terms of financial payments. Excepting parasitical gamblers—who sooner or later are cleaned out utterly—point out a man who has accumulated a prodigious amount of money, and sagely hung onto it, and in ninety cases out of every hundred you discover individuals whom society could not have done without. This even goes categorically for bankers and traffickers in currency, since under our present system, they too supply a service which humanity respects.

Granted that the characters of such men may leave much to be desired morally or ethically, and granted further that they may put their accumulated gains to petty or inglorious purposes, the fact remains that society rewards its general servants—by the law of sup-

ply and demand, competency and artfulness—at just the value expressed in money emoluments that they represent in indispensability to the general social scene. ✿ ✿

The great surgeon, the great attorney, the great engineer, the great chemist, "command their own fees," and no nonsense about it.

So the man always out of funds because he barely earns enough to meet his sustenance, always complaining because he cannot find work, agitating against established forms because they do not take note of him, is advertising his superfluity in a world where compensation is exact and recognition unerring.



HE TROUBLES of a man who is ever short of money—month after month, year in and year out—are not therefore due to Money in its shortage, but rather to that man's debatable worth to society in general. He has not yet made himself so indispensable in his line that securing his particular services and none other is the first consideration of society toward him, and rewarding him with money payments becomes second consideration.

The man who says: "How much can I earn?" or "How much can I screw this year from the boss?" in a species of polite labor-extortion, is forcing an issue that will back-fire to his injury.

The man who has concentrated on giving such a service, or specialized in his line till none can stand beside him, worries about no payments to come from his endeavors. The laws of supply and demand are his collectors.

But Mr. Average Man, who has looked upon his work, or his job, or his current employment, as merely a ruse to get currency into his possession, is putting the cart before the horse and creating a condition that will unseat him the moment that the importance of the Money exceeds the importance of his services.

Money is like a certain type of woman in this, that it insists on forcing itself on those who disregard it. This is not saying that stock-market crashes declarations of war, tragic accidents, sudden illness, do not create emergencies where possession of quick cash absolves one from headaches. It is saying that when a man charts his work intelligently, or pursues his job so diligently, that society recognizes his expertness, his troubles from creditors are mere passing incidents, always adjustable, and of no lasting moment.

The average man is average because he thinks Money first, and his indispensability to his employer or society, second.

¶ Work as a mere means of getting money is forever the labor that puts up a battle, that fights the workman, that eludes him on the slightest opportunity and goes "over the hill" when he would most embrace it.

Work that is taken up and pursued for its own sake, to an expertness that none other can duplicate, commands compensating dollars like groveling vassals.

¶ Compensations come automatically, according to the degree of expertness that is reached. The astute metaphysician is aware of the fact that such specializing expertness sets up a vibration all its own, that Money has to recognize and obey as a law.

Who is the workman first to be let out when slack times loom? Is he not the fellow most given to declaring: "Believe me, I'm only working here till I get a better job that pays me more money?" Whereas the man who says honestly, "I'm not working for the money, I'm working for the kick that I get from my job," is usually difficult to keep—because other employers are camping on his trail to offer him more, and steal him away!

Yes, the Average American gets the cart before the horse in this matter of Money. ✿ ✿

The man who commands his price, has few creditors on his doorstep!



What Was the Real Motive Behind Your Marriage?



THE AVERAGE man, who miscalls his Wish-to-Power by the name of Ambition, who has no blueprint for the living of his career, who hunts a job because it means money and is rancorous because his troubles seem continuously financial, is certain to reach the period when he says to himself: "I'm a failure at forty-five because I married too young. If I hadn't loaded myself with expenses of a wife and family, I'd have gotten ahead at a much faster clip." ❀ ❀

Ask such a man why he married at all, and he will probably reply: "I'll be hanged if I know! I recall that I wanted a home—or imagined that I did—and having a wife went along with growing a beard, wearing long pants, and drawing a pay-envelope each Saturday night."

"Didn't you love the girl?"

"Well, I suppose that I did, and provided you'd call it love. About the time that the 'new' wore off, the kids began coming, and continual expenses have been hounding me since. Now if I'd only waited till I got a good stake, things might have been different."

"If you had your life to live over again, would you marry the same girl, provided that you could?"

"No, I don't think I would!"

"Why not?"

"Because twenty-five years of living to-

gether have shown me that, aside from the children, we haven't much in common." ❀ ❀

"Then you wouldn't call it that your marriage is successful?"

"Well, it hasn't brought me much besides expense!"

"What did you suppose that it would bring you?"

And the average American is stumped for reply.

Truth to tell, he hasn't thought much about it. The girl came into his affairs at a time when he was susceptible to marriage because getting married was the natural thing to do. Yet deep in the background of his mind, he vaguely assumed that it was going to bring him something—something in the way of assets that he now cannot describe.

Almost nothing about his life, however, can he accurately describe.

With the single exception!

He can—and does—accurately describe his "failure." . . .

He has no goods-power, no social influence, and only a pittance of recognized economic value to society, with fifty in prospect!



THOUSANDS of young men are asking an equal number of thousands of young women to marry them, with each year that passes, who twenty-five years hence will be making the same

plaint. The real motive behind such unions may be karmic—yes. But it is not the kind of karma that exercises strongest in the cases where the lives have clean design and purpose.

The motive behind these unions is Incidental Karma.

It is the karma of Motivated Fancy, where Woman as Woman is what the man attracts, because he invites the disciplines of circumscription.

All matrimonial karma is not a constant pay-off. Fresh karma starts somewhere. In the person rightfully termed "average," the matrimonial relationship accrues because one or the other of the parties offers, or invites, repercussion from attributes of which the other stands in need.

Any antithetical woman will answer as the partner in such a youthful instance. Any man who indicates he will serve as a foil for the woman's temperamental expressions, will find himself applying for a license from a magistrate.

¶ The real motive making for the marriage is the blind desire for Balance. The attempt is being made at inviting Stability. ✻ ✻

The common educating processes of life demand that each shall serve them. The mating is biological.



HUS two strangers, attracted by the necessity for spiritual discipline, are brought into conjunction. Biology is served, and passion peters out.

The day arrives when the pair look at each other and demand by deed if not by word: "Why in the name of all that's logical, did we marry in the first place?"

¶ Each married to give the other something that each sensed intuitively the other lacked.

Individuality did not enter it!

That will come later, in other lives, when each has ceased to be "average," and compensations are of moment for obligations great or small.

Three bases exist for marriage, we are told: First, the increments from the married state as a Condition; second, the payment in kind of spiritual debts previously contracted; third, loving ministration and unbreakable companionship of twin soul for twin soul, both having been hatched from the same cosmic egg.

The first endures till most of the increments from the married state have generally been rendered; the second endures till the debts of spirit are paid in full; the third endures so long as earthly contact is humanly possible—and then resumes in the Higher Octaves. ✻ ✻

The average man marries the girl who sat across from him in high school and romantically awaited his return from the wars. He may have done it as a moral obligation. He loved the girl physically—in the haphazard way in which his whole life will be conducted because made up mostly of unorganized wishes, envies, repercussions, and sensations. All the same, he was not "in love" with her.



If some other Miss had awaited his return from the wars, he would have wedded her as well.

Holding her responsible for his mediocrity of forty-five, is quite as senseless as bethinking that all his economic troubles would cease if plenty of money dropped into his lap.

The true thing that has made Mr. Average Man average from the beginning, is not Money or lack of it, nor matrimony and plenty of it, but avoidance of analysis in regard to himself.

Entering upon life without plan or purpose, he has remained as static in regard to the enhancements from matrimony as he has remained static in regard to enhancements from environment or occupation.

Like the peasant who stares at the mounting skylark, he is still in the condition of manifesting amazement at the sheerness of Life Itself.



He is not yet sufficiently sophisticated to make deliberate discernments as to function.  



This awakening must come to him. And in the moment that it comes, he will thereafter not be average.



ALL OF which is Job's Comfort to the American of forty-five, who imagines from his unimportance to society and the universe that his life is a wash-out.

He is securely wedded to the girl who awaited his return from the one-time war. She has borne him three children. Common decency dictates that he support them if he can.

What he does not grasp is: that one of the main items keeping him average is this self-same tendency to blame this or that—environment, parents, money or lack of it, job, early matrimony, what-not—for his static condition of forty-five which he assumes to be Failure, instead of recognizing that nothing which he has experienced has been without its profit to his spirit, and the instant he turns Wish-to-Power into Will-to-Power, he will start to mount upward.  

As many men have wedded mediocre girls at twenty, and made names and fortunes for themselves, spelling Success at forty-five, as those who stayed bachelors.  

The woman never lived—unless a helpless cripple from the first—who could hold a man down who truly had it in him to fight to the top.

Wives, even the unfortunate kind, give more to a man in matrimony than they possibly take from him.

It is all in the Point of View!

The average wife is more sinned against than sinning. She marries expecting generally to go through with her bargain. But the man, by his averageness, makes it as difficult as possible for her to give value.



She becomes a hostage to his fortune

by the nature of his smallness.



Men with true Will-to-Power, go on upward anyhow—and take their wives with them, good, bad, or indifferent.

After such a one has reached the top, he may look at the woman and decide she is worthless—not deserving of the fortune that his strong will has wrested—and summarily heave her out.

But the man who is average merely muddles in resentment. The thing that was his real motive for entering matrimony to get, he turns and repudiates as forty-five is reached.

He is not a cad precisely, for being a cad requires directed intelligence. He is rather the robot, functioning by reactions.  



OME sage has said: "A man has three friends: an old dog, an old wife, and money!"  

The man who, at forty-five, has decided that the handicap of an old wife is the cause of most of his troubles, again is demonstrating the stupidity that has made his life a bust.

The sudden application of Brains to his predicament, carries him straight to the woman who has suffered him in doldrums and makes him confess: "I've been doing some self-analysis and am going to start afresh. I'm going to set out purposefully and constructively to reach a surer affluence twenty-five years hence, and I'm asking for your help."

¶ Will he get it?

In the cases of ninety-nine wives out of every hundred, he'll see a welling of eager tears behind discouraged eyelids that will cause him consternation.

Will she help him?

Watch her!

He'll discover the greatest truth in all human relationships: That the average woman is precisely what the husband tends to make her!

But the man must start the business—with the assay of HIMSELF!



Are You Using Your Children to Exhibit your Smallness?



NATURALISTS and biologists are agreed that the first forms of sentient life upon this planet began in sea water. Wade into the ocean along any of our southern coasts and perhaps you may feel a blob of gelatinous substance brushing against your flesh. The water will be crystal clear, yet what has touched you will be invisible. As the waves roll beachward, however, something will be deposited upon the sands. Only when the combers have receded will you see it. It will look like a pie-plate of honey spilled face downward, and the dish disappeared.

Yet that syrup-like clot is a Thing, and before the waves beached it, was alive! The reason that you could not see it when it floated past your legs, was its total lack of color.

It is color and not form that makes all earthly things visible to our eyesight. If the substances making our bodies were absolutely colorless, we should find ourselves living in a world of invisible human beings. We would only know of one another by collision.

The jellyfish is the lowest form of sentient life that commonly falls beneath our observation today. It resembles little more than a quantity of water that is thickened with starch. Yet Wallace, Darwin, and other naturalists, solemnly conjecture that the Life Principle—that is, the Thought Principle—entering into

water, wrought the starchiness of the subsequently “created” Thing. The atomic structure of the water was altered and the gelatinous jellyfish had recognizable existence.

These glutinous forms of water life grew more complicated as to internal and reproductive structure, the naturalists conjecture further. The breathing fish eventually crawled up on land, hardened as to outer covering, and precipitated the Age of Reptiles. Sentient biological life had found a way to reproduce itself organically without evolving in each instance from the ocean. The more daring naturalists then proceed to trace the evolution of forms to the more advanced apes, although conceding that a direct break occurred in the chain, accounting for *Homo sapiens*, or Upright-walking Man.



WHAT we are called to consider for the moment, is this proposal: If the Thought-Principle, entering into water—which is a liquid—could produce the glutinous jellyfish, why should not the same Thought-Principle enter into atmosphere of similar chemical constituents, which is a gas, and produce the faintest and most tenuous of physical vehicles for spiritual occupancy? The theory is logical, and the fact that none of these ever became fossilized proves nothing, since they would have

been too frail and intangible to leave patterns on hardening rocks.

What engages us for the moment in both instances—water-liquid origin or atmosphere-gaseous origin—is the miracle of reproduction.

These frail and early forms, once patterned, retained the ability of reproducing themselves as forms. And sense-reacting Thought-Principle entered into them and used them. In other words, the Light-Matrix stayed in existence and commanded materials into a structure. In the highest of evolutionary forms—Man—the reproducing structures were labeled Parents, and the structures reproduced were labeled Children. ✿ ✿

However, bear in mind concerning all of it, that production and reproduction only applied to the integration of the chemical structure—the vehicle—that Spirit, or Thought-Principle, was to utilize to get its transient earthly experiencings. Occupying and experiencing Spirit-Particle was of wholly different essence.



THE items of Parents and Children, therefore, whether looked at biologically or regarded metaphysically, concern only reproductions of the organic structures which applying and occupying Thought-Particles may utilize to get experiences as reactions from Sensations. ✿ ✿

True, in the human instance there is spiritual guardianship till the newly-enhoused spirit-soul has become utterly oriented in his new equipment and gained to a knowledge of mundane environment that works to effective vehicle-preservation.

But parents and children, considered outside of such equipment and the mundane process of vehicle-reproduction, truly have no existence!

The Spirit-Soul is the Spirit-Soul, and all have the common origin: the vast

reservoir of Universal Spirit, that granulates Itself, so to speak, that it may develop a realization of its Wholeness.



THE Average American, still in the embryonic mental state of amazement that hairs may grow from the back of his hand, no more suspects that such may have been the biological history of his species than the bitch having a litter of pups suspects that our whole solar system can be placed inside the giant star, Betelgeuse. The Average American is intimate with the high school lass whom he has married, and after a time there is a small and very red human worm, contorting and squealing in the nursery bassinet. This noisy, substantial, and extremely troublesome human being in miniature, resulted biologically from the gesture of conjugation. If conjugation had not been enacted, then such miniature human being would not have made its advent. Therefore in logic, the said father and mother "created" the irrepressible and contorting young one. Creation in the natural form implies absolute ownership. ✿ ✿

Father and mother therefore "own" the child by dint of manufacture, and let the metaphysician claim otherwise to his peril.

Observe, however, that what is owned through personal manufacture, is likewise subject to despotic supervision. It is a fundamental law that a man may do with his own property what he pleases, so long as he uses it not to the damage of society.

Thereby do we discern Mr. and Mrs. Average Human Being wreaking upon their offspring all those inhibited expressions which when directed toward society meet with swift suppression.

If you want to discover how average a man is—in the vernacular we call it "ornery,"—study his behavior toward his offspring. The insufferable tyrant

at home is the groveling worm outside it. The man who cannot influence society to take the least note of him, due to the magnitude of his stupidities, will strive to accomplish balance in his life-role by an abnormal amount of obedience and adulation exacted of those who are helpless physically or economically to challenge or disregard him.

This is not saying that dominant personages in the world at large, do not carry their domination into their homes and exert consistent strength of character in regard to dependents in their domestic circles.

On the other hand, it is saying that an unerring guide to a man's stupidities is disclosed by the role that he plays toward his progeny.

Men who think cleanly, sharply, and constructively, who play at their work because they have mastered the thing in which they are specialists, who do not worry over financial compensations or money shortages because they command money to bow to their expertness, these are never found bullying their offspring or making life miserable for tired-faced women.

The father, conversely, who is forever "disciplining" his children, is coarsely disclosing how much he stands in need of such discipline himself.

The parent without spites to work out at life, takes it for granted that his progeny will hold views toward life that are similar to his own. Petty duress does not enter it. The progeny grow up self-confident, sure-footed, easy-mannered, and constructive-minded themselves, in consequence.

How many sons of truly great men can anyone name, who have ended in jail?

¶ Unsuspecting or ignorant humanity—ignorant, that is, in the eternal verities—pardonably concludes therefrom that Like produces Like.

Like does not produce Like. Like attracts Like, and having been attracted, Like profits by example.

Petty, disgruntled, bigoted parents acquire offspring who need slapping the clock around, because in the matter of parental opportunities for earthly entrance, these more undisciplined souls have to take what they can get.

Besides, they would not feel entirely comfortable with parents of poise and affluence ✻ ✻

Alibi-ing one's own stupidities by using one's offspring as foils for the expression of resentments birthed by a sternly disciplining world, is a characteristic weakness of the persons who are "average." . . .

So their domestic life is bedlam, and their offspring are hung as thieves.



T requires brains of a superlative order to make a parent say: "My wife and I have provided physical bodies for three unfolding spirit-souls, visiting this planet briefly and hoping to get increments by our mutual association. We don't 'own' them any more than we 'own' the Pleiades. They are residing with us from fifteen to twenty years because my wife and I can start them out upon three courses which they particularly want to travel. We are putting them under obligation to us for such service, which up other cycles they must perforce repay in kind. How then, do my wife and I want these three spirit-souls to treat us in turn, when our positions shall have been reversed?" ✻ ✻

¶ The parent who makes such a philosophy the basis of his mentorship, may agreeably discover that offspring slappings are archaic.

Duress is only effective so long as it is exercised. The instant it is relaxed, conditions are twice deplorable because resultant animosity as well, demands its compensations.

Children, to the Average American, are too often Spiritual Opiates.



Do You Possess the Stamina to Rise Above Mediocrity?



ACCORDING to the dictionary, Mediocrity means: "Being of a middle quality; indifferent, ordinary, commonplace." The term comes from the Latin word, *mediocris*, which conveys the idea of moderation, or whatever concerns the middle. In popular parlance, whatever is mediocre is drab and inconsequential, lacking in talents, merit or ability. *✿ ✿*

The mediocre person is the one who shrinks from breaking conventions, who slavishly follows the habits, customs, and conventions of his predominant fellow citizens because he has been told that it is the correct thing to do, and who finds himself in a cold perspiration of embarrassment when singled out from the rank and file because notice is called to his exhibited individuality. *✿ ✿*

It seems strange to sophisticated, self-confident, and cosmopolitan persons that life holds human beings whose whole instinctive effort is to keep themselves representative of the nondescript masses, or who pass their lives from birth to death without deliberate efforts put forth to improve their status or make themselves more noteworthy personages at the end of any given year than they were at its beginning.

The sophisticated, self-confident, and cosmopolitan person wants to know what may "ail" such mediocrities,

scarcely recognizing that the latter may view the aggressive individualities of the former as equally as eccentric.

Here then, are two great classes of mortal entities, each viewing the other as anything but normal, but with the nondescripts in the preponderance. As Carlyle has so unkindly pointed out, "clever people are not in an overwhelming majority." Yet the clever people, despite their smaller numbers, seem to enjoy a monopoly on the good things of life and generally speaking are envied by the nondescripts.

Why are the nondescripts in the preponderance and what principle is operating—which aggressively clever people disregard—causing the vast rank and file of the human race to make a fetish of mediocrity?



SEEN in the light of the Higher Instruction, we find races, nations, and castes, fundamentally installed to provide spirit-souls with what might be described as Cultural Class Rooms during the sequences of their mortalities. ¶ In each of these class rooms, the tenets of a definite culture wait to be imparted to the incarnating student. Each of these cultures proffers a specific spiritual gain, of itself, which the expanding consciousness of the student takes into himself, or avails himself of, and which leaves him definitely more un-

folded at the end of it than he was at its beginning. ㄅ ㄅ

It may be a Chinese culture, an Italian culture, a French culture, an American culture—which is a derivative of the English Anglo-Saxon—or any one of a hundred gradations within each racial classification. Naturally such a culture must be preserved, that the incarnating individual may profit from its peculiarities. Preserving the culture as a culture, till all its increments have been assimilated, stacks up to the rank and file as of greater cosmic import than distinctive exhibition of the individuality. Distinctive exhibit of the individuality can come later, after the increments from race, nationality or caste, have been absorbed. Commonly we say that the mediocre person runs “true to type.” By so describing him, we are paying an adulation to the type as of more importance than any possible display of isolated personality.

When the mediocre person is upset by “sticking his head out,” or offering himself as a someone raising himself above the norm of his caste, he is communicating in effect: “I have not yet discharged my obligations toward this culture which holds profits for me that I have not fully encompassed. I must do my part toward impressing the distinctive fecundities of this culture upon the world, that I may aid in stabilizing and preserving that culture’s fundamentals for those yet to be born and enjoy its benefits. I must represent, not myself as a personage, but my type in an individualized exhibit. When I have done my part, and played my role, emphasizing the qualifications of my type upon humanity, so that its preservation in my sequence is assured, then I shall be morally free to give more specific attention to myself.”

Consequently the great run of humanity is not very good and not very bad, and the average person as life finds him today seems content to submit his earthly career to a pattern which Kis-

met has obviously provided before his mortal advent. He makes himself as much as possible “like every other person,” because if he did not, races, nations, and castes—all synonyms for types—would tend to disappear and human cultures would be bedlam.



HERE is always the period or point of “break-away” from the type, however, for each individual composing it. In other words, the situation ultimately develops for every mortal, somewhere up through the series of his incarnations, where he says to himself: “I have done my part, and discharged my cosmic obligations, toward preserving the type so that it may endure and become of benefit to others who have been like unto me but not yet born. I have helped by my mediocrity to impress the distinguishing features of the type upon humanity and now find it permissible to give attention to myself as a personage. I will snap out of this role of being ‘average,’ and a nondescript, and go in for solitaire performance looking toward the enhancement of my own identifiable ego. I will, insofar as I may, become a specialist in some phase or aspect of the culture I have hitherto been content merely to help depict in the mass. I will try to stand a trifle higher than my fellows, by proficiency in my specialty, so that they point me out and in a measure accept me as an example to follow in expanding the scope or character of their own performance.”

This is the point where the nondescript stops “drifting,” as an unrecognized human drop in the ocean of the mass, and puts course and purpose behind his endeavors—to make his individuality of moment without doing injury to his type as a mundane institution.

It takes stamina to reach such a decision, and act constructively upon it from that point onward, for two

reasons: Mass inertia must suddenly be combated—that is, the practical disapproval toward such a gesture, on the part of those who still consider preservation of the type to be the more important—and the nondescript must thereafter proceed on his own initiative, pilot his own course, and suffer its rebuffs alone, without the bulwark of mass fellowship to turn the edge of the vicissitudes resulting.

There is, in human life, a queer willingness on the part of the individual to bear misfortune or suffering, provided all those with whom such individual may be in company, are called to bear it too. The old saying: "Misery loves company," is not only true, but when misery enjoys company, half of such wretchedness is allayed.

One man, made a target for another man's rifle-bullet, will screech his resentment till he loses his wits. But put the same man in the line of fire from the same rifle, yet with a thousand soldier-companions to right and left of him, advancing across No Man's Land, and he will make a great and glorious game of it—and if he is shot, will scarcely feel the wound.

The man who decides to leave mediocrity, or the "great middle" of humanity, behind him, must be willing to advance across the No Man's Land of human affairs, alone. More than that, he must begin to adjust himself to the discomfort of breaking the precedents that hitherto have seemed to bring him greatest consolation in preserving. He must do this without damaging the type that must still remain as his foundation of all action.

If he tries to make himself noteworthy and "different" by merely destroying the type, he will be swiftly visited by reprisals not unlike those that are being visited today on the Jews of the world; he will be known as a Destructionist and lawful prey for the followers of every culture, who recognize in Culture a divine edict to social organization.

It is the protests and disparagements of those still making an obligatory fetish of type and culture, at the cost of their own individualities, that the candidate for graduation from mediocrity must suffer from, most. And he will suffer from them, for they will go out of their way to protect and preserve an ethical or social system which they, as individuals, have by no means finished with, by decrying him as an upstart, a revolutionary, a swelled-head, or an eccentric.



THE PERSON who makes up his mind to leave mediocrity behind him and truly become distinctive before his career is finished, must recognize from what source the opposition and animosity against him arise. He will be told that his former equals have become jealous of him, or envious of him, or facetious toward him, because he has implied by his break-away that he suddenly considers himself better than they. He must know consciously that it is not jealousy, not envy, not rancor at his altered relationship toward them. They are simply defending themselves as exponents of a type of culture whose essence is an ordained factor in earthly life, and from which they themselves cannot depart until they have imbibed all that it has to give them.

In other words, the great sheep-flock of humanity has to be defended AS a sheep-flock, in order that sheep who develop initiative, self-reliance, sophistication, and aggressiveness, may have the mass to break away FROM, and thus mark the fact that they have finished the sheep-flock lessons!

If it were expected that none should break away, then dividing the flock into units of individualized sheep would have been purposeless. The fact that individualized units exist, indicates that individualized development is the Plan. And what goes for sheep, goes doubly for Man!



Are You Easily Crushed by Misfortune or Criticism?



AR back at the start of social organization it was discerned that possessions had value in the exact ratio that a human being had put mental or physical energy behind the effort to originate or acquire them. What a man had put neither mental nor physical energy into creating or acquiring, he placed small value upon. Up through the cycles of civilizations, the principle of the thing has held. Commonly we say today, "What we get for nothing, we rarely value." ✿ ✿

The accumulation of that which we have received from studied expenditure of energy, we generally term Wealth. ¶ Wealth, in the main, is stored-up energy. It exists to be depleted. Of itself, it is static, inorganic, valueless. ¶ The minute we start to deplete or disintegrate Wealth, it manifests its value. Disintegration of Wealth we might also call the Expenditure of Energy.

Now there is another word which we ordinarily use to designate unexpended Wealth, and that is Fortune. "The man has piled up a fortune," we remark, meaning that a certain individual possesses his applied energy in a tangible or negotiable form.

But we use the word Fortune wrongly in such instance.

There is rarely such a thing as an accumulated fortune, since Fortune does not mean what we popularly assume.

Fortune actually means: That which has value and yet has come into our possession by luck or blind chance. The word Fortune comes from the Old Latin, fortuna, meaning fate or accident.

We might say correctly that a man has "lost a fortune," but we would imply that what came into his possession by blind happening, has suddenly gone from his possession through causes beyond his control.

Putting the word "mis—" as a prefix on "fortune," gives us naturally the term Misfortune. But looking at the root meaning of words, we get in Misfortune some more surprising synonyms. Misfortune means "an evil accident, a misadventure, the result of a plan or proposal's miscarrying."



OW it is of interest that human life holds millions of people who cannot endure to experience "evil accident," or "misadventure," just as we have other millions who cannot endure judgments passed upon the results of their efforts, of a deprecatory nature. "Thin-skinned people," we call them. If wealth comes into their possession by either application of energy or lucky accident, and they subsequently lose it, or if some caustic critic comes along and tells them that the effort they are putting forth deserves to be classed with olfactory atrocities, they will cringe and

curl like a worm on a hot sidewalk and thereafter disclose no more incentive toward their employments than a one-armed bill-poster, recommended to visit a sawmill that he may have both sides of his person equalized with neatness and dispatch.

It is not correct to say that thin-skinned people are lacking in self-confidence, or initiative, or the will-to-power. Thousands of them have all of these, and apply them yearly, monthly, weekly, hourly. It seems to be the sudden reversal of opinion regarding themselves, their value, their capabilities, or their merit, that they cannot stand without internal crack-up.

They have appraised their goods-power or their talent at a certain worth, and are gratified by the figures. Then the "evil accident" or the caustic commentator comes along and disillusion them completely. What they accepted as being theirs in goods-power or talent, is depicted to them as of quite other merit. The disillusion floors them, their poise is destroyed, they are—as we put it—crushed!

Yet right alongside them may be an individual with exactly the same experience, years, and ability, who confronts the same evil accident or rancorous criticism, suffers approximately the same loss, and is depleted to the same extent in energy-resources. Instead of being "crushed," however, he emits a brassy laugh, gives a short and pithy exclamation having reference to the natural food of squirrels, and presently is pushing ahead under full steam again, to new acquisitions or new displays of talent, with the disruption an annoying incident.

Why doesn't the first person react like the second?

The person who seems to be easily crushed by misfortune or criticism, is experiencing what might be called the Turning-Point Sequence in his Cosmic career. Over a series of lives he has carefully run to type, until he has imbibed spiritually all that the type

had to give him. Now he is about to specialize, to leave mediocrity behind him, to "make a name for himself," as we popularly put it. He has profited by the ordeals in his lives to date. He has reached the revelations of conscious unfoldments. He feels himself capable of accomplishing great deeds, and is not afraid to tackle them. But exactly what he is capable of doing actually—so that society takes note of him and places a greater value on his life and talents than it has hitherto done—he cannot say with accuracy. He is in the budding period, coming out of type-mediocrity, but poorly equipped with standards by which to measure his capabilities. The only way that he can acquire such standards is to experiment with himself. "How much AM I capable of doing?" he asks himself. "I estimate that it is such-and-such." So he sets his stakes.

It is a stupendously important sequence for him. He is doing something that he never has essayed in his lives to date: started to specialize in isolated personality so that he stands recognized throughout all Cosmos by his ability to perform distinctive deeds. He is, in other words, ready to leave the great sheepfold of humanity, where hitherto he has resembled every other sheep, and create a sort of world-sheepfold of his own, into which other sheep may gather to enjoy his bounty or protection.

¶ It is a departure in his consciousness from dependency to responsibility—the first fumbling gesture toward perfecting his ultimately performing Godhood.

¶ So he starts to specialize, to acquire, and to create. He views the first product of his embryonic Personality with a pride as great as that of a young mother in her first baby. He is joyous and a bit terrified that he can be an entity himself, without supporting endeavors of others to sustain him, or without masses of fellow mediocrities about him as a bulwark against misfortune. ✠ ✠

Whereupon, just as he begins to get his

first momentum of self-confidence, something happens out of a clear sky. Misfortune hits him like a lightning-bolt. Or some cocksure individual shows up in his scheme of things, views his infant endeavors, and with a curl of the lip gives expression to that crude but very significant and typically American idiom: "Lousy!"

At once the tyro at self-expression is whammed down into the octave of mediocrity again—at least in his own estimation—with all his embryonic efforts gone for naught, his emotions chaotic because his standards are unstable. Indeed, that fraught and withering word that makes reference to predatory insects, gives him a frightening sensation of insecurity. For the time being, he is in a dither as to where he sits in the whole cosmic picture and his mercurial reactions play havoc with his spiritual nerves.



THE WORLD is unnecessarily harsh with mercurial people—whom a little praise will send up into the seventh heaven of delight, and a little censure will plunge in a funk that almost makes them entertain ideas of self-destruction. The world never stops to ascertain how people come by their temperaments, or where they have acquired them. The man with the steady, self-confident, self-reliant nature is commended. The man with the volatile, barometrical, supersensitive nature is condemned.

But the man with the steady, self-confident, and self-reliant nature at some time back in his cosmic career had to endure all the growing-pains of breaking with sheep-flock mediocrity and venture out into the arctic atmosphere of bad luck and blistering criticism. He had to recognize finally that both good and bad fortune are mere swings of the same pendulum of experience, that today's loss is tomorrow's gain, that what

comes by good luck and leaves through bad luck, will come again by good luck, and that both good and bad fortunes travel in cycles. He had to learn anent criticism that half the people who practice it don't know what they are talking about, anyhow, and ten to one are judging others purposely to cover up some worse weakness in themselves. He says to himself: "I'm letting my spiritual nerves be frayed by sheer bugaboos. After all, I'm the best judge of myself, and the world—if it doesn't like me—can go to the devil!"

From that discovery, he has become noted for his independence and self-reliance. His temperament stabilizes. People follow his lead.

It is all a matter of acquiring standards as repercussion from Ordeal. When the standards are both determined and proven, the feelings are no longer "crushed" by adversity. It is not so much a matter of growing a thick hide as getting an accurate perspective.

The moment that practical experience begins to show the thin-skinned person that a little hard luck doesn't floor him permanently but leaves him decidedly stronger in his mental muscles—and the moment that he makes the discovery that the major lot of his critics are talking through their hats—he gets over the business of being easily "crushed." A few real successes, in spite of hard luck and unkind comment, start the pregnancy of self-confidence, and presently he is having litters of Successes all over the place, so fast that he can't stop to name them. He "finds himself" in other words, and stacks up his ability and judgment against all comers.

Having a mercurial, unstable temperament for a life or two, is therefore a sign of a definite unfoldment. The person has commendably "made the break" away from the status of the nondescript and begun to function in personalized isolation. Give him credit for having arrived at the cosmic status where the next higher step is possible!



Why Powerful Personalities Subtly Influence You

THE AVERAGE American accepts that the difference between the character of one person and the character of another person, either is inherited from the progenitors of both, or else "just happens." How a character-trait, or a whole compilation of character-traits making up a person's temperament or nature, can be inherited, he doesn't stop to examine. He has heard it said that traits are inherited, or passed along from one generation to another, and because the physical features of a given father or mother may be duplicated in his or her offspring, Mr. Average American takes such inheriting for granted. When a child bobs up in a given family that doesn't copy either parent in the slightest degree—thus upsetting the whole hypothesis that Like produces Like—the nondescript observer shrugs his shoulders and says the business is one of those "natural mysteries" of which probably we won't ever have explanation. ✿ ✿

That character in a given human being "just happens," is even a greater enigma—and absurdity. No rule nor reason applies, Mr. Average American accepts, for one person's having one sort of temperament and another person's being possessed of quite opposite attributes. We just arrive at our dispositions by the wildest circumstance, and in a world thus thrown together—insofar as its

human nature is constructed—the devil takes the hindmost.

Geniuses and great savants are born into hovels—of fathers and mothers who never had a single original thought in their lives—while parents who have lived in the upper brackets till they are accepted as natural aristocrats, will have progeny that are morons, dunderheads, or car thieves.



ALL of it comes, of course, from error, ignorance, and deception. If the real truth were determined, hosts of comfortably-placed theologians and professors would lose their jobs. They have sold the human race to a belief in a system—which is not a system but merely a faulty rationalization—and so it must be perpetuated or the crowd of them lose face, not to mention salary. ¶ The basic error behind all their so-called logicizing consists of the fact that they willfully refuse to recognize any difference between Spirit and Materiality. ✿ ✿

Material things they can contact with their senses. Spiritual things must forever appear intangible—or become manifested only by tangible results. They concede that there is such a thing as "Life," because the moment that it departs the material body, the latter is worthless and commences to decompose. But that it may have an exist-

ence and a consciousness apart from material body, is generally held to be unprovable and hocus-pocus.

Nevertheless, there is a difference between one man's character and another man's character, and in a world of law and order otherwise—where every result is directly traceable to a cause—there must be an adamant principle in operation that accounts for both.

The spiritual scientist, so-called to distinguish him from the material scientist, says from the profundity of his research that the explanation truly is quite simple. ✿ ✿

Spirit is an "essence of consciousness" that has an independent existence apart from materials, and when en housed in materials is commonly recognized as a unit of human mortality. Individualized Consciousness by no means perishes with the demolition of physical vehicle, but keeps on and on, following the principle of the ratchet-wheel that can turn in but one direction: forward! ¶ Individualized Consciousness enters into a long series of physical bodies, generation after generation and cycle after cycle, and adds to the quality and facility of its consciousness—or degree of intelligence—in each.

The more lives it has lived, the more intelligent it becomes, the more self-reliance it displays, and the more adroit it shows itself in general social contacts.

¶ The intelligent person is merely the long-lived—or aged—person, cosmically! ✿ ✿

People who thus display themselves are given the description Old Souls.

The types of fathers and mothers through which they make their worldly reappearance in new infantile bodies, have little or nothing to do with the grand accumulation of character-increments that such souls have acquired along the routes of their serried careers, with a single exception—

It is a law of the universe that Like attracts Like. So in nine cases out of ten, when a soul considers making a re-en-

try into mortal affairs, it naturally tries to arrange that it shall have parents with whom its spirit and general inclinations are compatible. When this happens, the nondescript declares that its traits are "inherited."

But it does not have to happen, and in millions of cases does not happen. So it is no particular enigma for a father and a mother to have an occasional child as opposite to either of them in temperament and appearance as night is different from day.



Y this token, it is not difficult to understand why some souls are more self-reliant than others, and exert a dominance over those about them that becomes such a mystery to the fanatical materialists. Further, it is not difficult to understand why certain souls acquiesce to domination, or the spiritual influence inexorably exerted, by others around them without in the least degree surrendering their individualities.

All of it is strictly a question of natural grading according to age!—Cosmic Age! ✿ ✿

The dominant souls are the self-reliant souls. And the self-reliant souls have become that way by the longer and more consequential experiencing. That is to say, they have functioned in more human bodies, and lived more careers, than those whom they so easily influence. We might put it that they have "found their way around the world more times" than their dependent brethren, and gradually come to accept the great truth that in all the universe there is nothing to be afraid of. So they are not handicapped by the fears and inhibitions that identify the great sheep-flock of humanity, making its members nondescript and average. They plow right ahead, relying without reserve on their inherent capabilities. And the sheep-flock personalities about them, that have not lived so long, nor

had such experiencings, nor made such discovery that nothing exists in all Cosmos for Spirit to be afraid of, subconsciously acquiesce in their subtle mentorship. ✿ ✿

It is really as simple as the youth's instinctively taking the counsel of the mature man, or whole nations of non-descripts agreeing to follow the recommendations arrived at by senates of graybeards. ✿ ✿



WHEN you find yourself subtly influenced by some outstanding personality in your vicinity or scheme of things, therefore, it is naught but childish to plunge into a funk, or grow an inferiority complex, or fall into the error of assuming that your own character is "weak." What you actually are doing, when you bow to the more forceful personality in mortal association with you, is making acknowledgment that subconsciously you are recognizing its greater cosmic age and gamut of experiencings. ✿ ✿

"This soul has lived longer than I have, in the spiritual sense," you are admitting to yourself. "It has been functioning longer as an individualized spirit-particle out of the great ocean of Universal Spirit. I am simply bowing to its display of greater experience."

No one considers falling into a funk or developing an inferiority complex in youth or middle life because there happen to be individuals who have lived more years, seen more of the world, or had the longer time to perfect their social adjustments. Age is venerated because in the nature of things the longer the career, the vaster the store of knowledge that must have been acquired.

By the same token, no matter who or what the soul, always there will be those younger in cosmic experiencing who are clustered around it, and toward whom it will exert some form of domination. ✿ ✿

Mr. Average American, griping at life generally at forty-five, has never had this basic principle of Cosmos brought to his attention. He thinks he is "weak" by comparison with "stronger" personalities, whereas he is only "young." As he goes on attaining to greater and longer cosmic age, he too will gradually assume a dominating role, because the nature of his contacts with humankind in the mass—and God in the abstract—will bring home to him that he has all capabilities of development within himself, and that the universe contains nothing which he need seriously fear.

To accept this principle and not be downcast at the spectacle of cosmic age manifesting in associates, means taking a conscious step to shake off one's mediocrity. A person is simply being unfair to himself, to compare himself continually with people more cosmically mature, instead of making his comparisons with those in his own orbit or octave, or even those still younger, beneath him.

It is always the mark of the adolescent to feel cast down because one's worldly knowledge is not on a par with that of persons who are older. And the endeavor of such a one to appear older is often as pathetic as it is absurd. Of course, the adolescent is fooling no one but himself in thinking that he succeeding.

Now being young in years and experience is nothing to be ashamed of, in mortality. Why then should we feel at all ashamed of our youth or inexperience in the cosmic sense?

Are you subtly influenced by Stronger Personalities? ✿ ✿

What truly is happening is, that you are instinctively recognizing and acknowledging the greater number of times that they have essayed the profit-ing sojourn.

They are more familiar with Earth!

When you have gone through as many lives as any one of them, you too will be as dominant!



Can Quality of Intelligence Be Deliberately Lifted?

WHEN we refer to the quality of a person's intelligence, what is it that we have in mind specifically? ¶ We are not required to be psychologists or scientists to recognize that some men are

"brighter" than others, that some have the "brains" to fill positions of responsibility that others do not, and that human life is one grand exhibit of keener wits winning out over those known as stupid. ¶

Neither do we need a schoolbook to tell us that human society is what we find it because all classes and gradations of intelligence are cast into one vast hodgepodge, to make what shift of such predicament they will.

What we are interested in examining are the "brains" of Mr. Average Man, and what may be done by him deliberately to make himself more intelligent than the moment may find him. To do that satisfactorily, we must discern what intelligence is, of itself.

If we want to break the word down into component parts, we perceive readily enough that being intelligent is the state of in-telling, or the capacity to render discernible objective facts, subjective. ¶ It is the state, or capacity, of "telling to one's self," to a degree that such receiving of knowledge is as instinctive as it is adroit. Yet strictly speaking, it is more—

Intelligence is truly the quality of being

able to judge values, compare one value with another value, and use that which is of greatest worth at the moment to the proposal in hand!

Contrary to general acceptance, Intelligence is not academic knowledge, neither is it altogether the mere ability to perceive. ¶

A man's head may be stuffed with all sorts of book-lore, yet he may not be recognized as an intelligent man. He can be labeled "an educated fool," and the description will not be unduly harsh.

¶ A savage can stand on a mountain-peak and view a spread of terrain, seeing details which the metropolitan person misses entirely. Yet the savage may not be able to count up to twenty, while the metropolitan person may be able to run an industry employing a thousand men.

We cannot say either that Intelligence is coordination of the faculties, either mental or physical—since the North American Indian may be able to do that to superlative degree yet never make a gesture to rise above his barbarism.



TO BE intelligent is to have that quality of consciousness wherein the incorrect discernment of values is utilized by the imagination to produce the best possible results or product under all prevalent conditions.

A man, let's say, is put on the job of

running some sort of machine—maybe nothing of more consequence than an automobile on the public highways. He is told not to run it through traffic at more than twenty miles per hour. He has an animalistic love of physical motion, and a crowded intersection means nothing to him in the way of imagined mishaps. He thinks the city fathers have put up the speed sign in pique—because they harbor a constitutional resentment against his love of motion. So he comes zooming into an intersection at fifty-five miles per hour, sees a truck turn out ahead of him, starts to argue with himself as to whether or not he should go around it, or ram it and teach the truck a lesson for obstructing him. He decides on the latter and keeps straight forward. There is a crash that sounds like the shredded wheat factory going over Niagara Falls, the neighborhood is treated to a spectacle that resembles a bomb dropped into a plate-glass works, the dumb-bell decides to try flag-pole sitting, and the dumb-bell's rear bumper is suddenly doing service for his radiator—the radiator having been folded up into something which in the hands of an Italian troubador should give sweet music, but doesn't. Forty-seven ambulance sirens all start whining at once, two thousand office-windows are filled with human heads, and the driver of the truck says to his helper: "I think we'd oughta stop, Mike. Sumpin' musta happened against our behind!"



COMMONLY we say that such a motorcar driver is possessed of no intelligence. First, he has no ability to analyze values and "in-tell" himself what can easily result if he drives at fifty-five miles through an intersection and a truck takes a notion to obstruct him. The truly intelligent man discerns without any caustic remarks from a traffic cop that speeds for motorcars in given districts are arrived at by scientifically

measuring the length of time that it takes a vehicle to halt in the space available for the stopping to transpire.

An auto at rest measures eight to ten feet from front to rear bumper—and not an inch more. But the moment its power is applied, its length increases. It may travel at five miles per hour or seventy-five, and its width will remain constant. But the faster it moves forward, the more elongated it becomes. A car moving fifty miles per hour requires fifty feet to come to a standstill—with reasonably good brakes. So at fifty miles an hour, a moving auto is actually fifty feet in length—and as there is only a given amount of planetary space quired to decrease their length, so that the maximum number may be accommodated.

As for calling a driver intelligent who tries to chastise a truck with a crate that is but a moving tin roof at the most, we might as well close the dictionary and rely solely on the views of the intersection traffic cop, or better still, the driver of the truck, when either surveys what a mess Stupidity has wrought. Such a driver hasn't even analyzed the weights of the respective vehicles, or imagined what happens when a very stoppable flivver meets a very immovable truck.

After spending six weeks in the hospital, losing his driving license, paying for the hydrant that exploded in the scrimmage, and buying a new car so to put his experience to account, the "stupid" driver may show himself as slightly more "intelligent" when he drives out afresh and approaches corners where trucks may materialize.



HERE are but two ways to raise the quality of the consciousness—or in other words, heighten the degree of the "telling within." One is to close the eyes and ears and let Experience be the teacher. The other is to cultivate the faculty of analysis.

Suppose that two men, one intelligent and the other stupid, consider a proposal to go into the restaurant business—or perhaps buy a restaurant already established. ✿ ✿

The intelligent man begins to analyze the proposition. Is the location of the stand such that it is of quick and inviting access to the hungry public? If so, how many people pass the door in those few hours when feeding the human face is the universal daily eccentricity? How many competitive stands are at hand? What is both the maximum and minimum capacity of the place offered for purchase? Do the people of the locality commonly eat out? What kinds of foods are they likely to call for most, and are they foods that can be supplied at a profit?

By the time the intelligent man has analyzed the proposition and assayed his findings, he has been proprietor of the stand—in imagination—for six months and visualized the place doing a stated amount of business. So he proceeds to buy the place or pass it up.



HE stupid man only grasps the fact that the human animal takes nourishment aboard three times a day, and such being the case, why shouldn't it do so in the stand offered for his purchase as well as any other? He parts with his cash, walks into the place, polishes up the tin "silverware," and—waits! He sells nine doughnuts and three cups of coffee at "breakfast," seven ham sandwiches at noon, and after four o'clock the locality doesn't show more human signs of human life than lower Manhattan on Yom Kippur.

In a month, he goes broke!

If he had used analytical intelligence in the beginning, he would have arrived at an estimate of the nine doughnuts, the three cups of coffee, and the seven ham sandwiches in advance. He would have decided the place was a bust before

he ever went so far as to make himself responsible for its bills. Yet thousands of businesses are acquired thus blindly every day in the year, and when they go broke, the dunderhead buyer gripes! Stupid people are those who "don't use their heads," we say. But the esoteric facts are, that such persons have not been sufficiently disciplined by hurt, or the tragic results from trial-and-error experimenting, to make them recall what happens when they fail to examine a prospect, and judge its values correctly, before entering into it. ¶ The "brainy" man actually has become so by remembering instinctively a thousand experiences which he has gone through, most of them antedating his present career, which have left marks of shock upon his character. Now he has reached the place where examining and judging values in advance, has become a sort of reflex with him. Truly he is enjoying his rewards from whole generations and cycles of painful living "when he was stupid," and driving motorcars through intersections at fifty-five miles an hour, or bouncing dynamite-sticks off the asphalt, was attended by results of a disintegrating character. The final increment from all phases of life is becoming adept in recognizing values, selecting that which is useful with an ease that is instinctive, and gaining to a result with smoothness and facility. ✿ ✿

Fortunately the average person doesn't always have to spend time in hospitals, go broke in shabby restaurants, or jump into a sewer to discover whether or not it emits an odor, if he wishes to perfect the quality of his intelligence.

He can school himself deliberately in examining any predicament which he faces, determining what its basic factors are, and putting together his experience equations with care and forethought. ✿ ✿

If, all of a sudden, his prospects begin looking up, he need thank not a soul in Cosmos but himself!



Can One Thoughtless Mistake Ruin One's Whole Life?



FEW things in life cause such mischiefs, throwing switches that send us off upon strange rails, as wrongful interpretations of the meanings of words.

For instance, consider the term Mistake. "I made a horrible mistake," we report. "It well-nigh ruined my life!" But when we run down the meaning of the word Mistake, we see how incorrectly we have considered the episode.

The word Mistake means: "To take a thing to be other than it is, to understand wrongly."

In another sense, we "miss the take," if we should care to look at the meaning literally.

So a moment's consideration should show us that a Mistake of itself can never do harm, one way or other. We understand a motive or a situation wrongly, and it is our subsequent conduct in the reaction from faulty understanding that does the mischief which we so foolishly deplore.

Now for a moment let's consider Ruin. ¶ Ruin means "to overthrow or impoverish." ✻ ✻

But take note of the fact that both of these terms are relative. There is little of finality about them. If a man be overthrown from a place of power, it means that somehow or other he has first attained unto the height from which his tumble is something to gape at. If he attained to such a height once, and

is suddenly cast down, he can attain to another height, albeit in time he is cast from that also.

If a man be impoverished, it means that he formerly had affluence in the shape of possession of properties or moneys. They are taken away. But there is nothing about such taking away that says he shall not acquire other properties or other sums of money. Everything depends upon whether he goes at it. ✻ ✻



WHEN we face the query: "Is it possible for one mistake to ruin a person's life?" we are truly setting forth an equation in paradoxes. We are asking if it be possible for a moment's non-understanding of a motive or a situation to precipitate a condition from which no recovery is possible.

Of course, in the physical sense we might talk correctly of taking a window for a door, and walking into space in such a way that nothing prevents us from descending at once to the surface of the planet from whatever the height at which the window is located. It is conceivable that contact with the said planet's surface might be forceful enough to alter the functioning of our natural anatomies.

In fact, we might spatter up a considerable area of landscape—the human body being 86 percent water according

to all the leading scientists—and in such sense our ruin be complete.

Contrary to the newspaper funnies, the human body dropped from a height, decidedly does not bounce. It spatters, yes. But it does not bounce.

¶ We are wiped from existence by such an error, and O Lord what a mess for someone to wipe up!

However, in this present octave it is rare that the main actor in such an error has the opportunity to deplore his ruin. He just makes the error and goes down. He does not bounce, but as aforesaid, he spatters! After which spattering, we need not consider him further as a subject for philosophical discussion. He is out of our calculations and the headlines can have him.

Ruin in its more correct sense means a state of personal affairs arrived at where the personal fortunes today are not so favorable to a happy existence as they were yesterday, the day before, or maybe last month, last year, or last Administration. And the dictionary—if not sound metaphysics—declares that what has been up and come down, can by due application of the requisite energy, go up again.



CERTAINLY even in a fall from a five-story building, the victim may conceivably light upon a load of hay, lose his hat, his glasses, and his dignity, and make fourteen old ladies faint in a row. But he may thereupon slide off the load of hay, beg the driver's pardon for knocking it lopsided, and climb back up to the fifth story of the building—if the elevator be not working. The principle holds in life's common situations. There seems to be one big discovery that Cosmos insists that all individuals of every stamp shall make and remember, before they can call themselves fit to depart this mortal octave permanently. That is, that blunder and loss

exist only according as the individual views them.

No blunder under heaven exists that somehow, somewhere, sometime, cannot be rectified and the correct line of action thereafter be embarked upon.

No ruin—overthrowing, impoverishment, anything short of physical demoralization—exists anywhere in Cosmos that cannot be recovered from, surmounted, or turned into a profit two to ten times as sizable as the original condition from which such "loss" was reckoned. ✱ ✱

Everything in life is relative!

One man has the habit of thrift and saves pennies for a home. Another man has the acquisitive faculty and saves dollars till they buy him a city block, a railroad, a seat in the Senate. A war comes along, an enemy air-fleet zooms overhead and presently drops bombs on thrifty man's cottage and rich man's railroad alike. After the raid is over, the first man sits down disconsolately on the edge of a hole that is thirty feet across, and the second man sits down on the edge of a hole that is thirty miles across. Both men, however, are merely sitting on the edge of a hole, and insofar as brick-and-mortar structures are concerned, neither at the moment is possessed of enough assets to buy himself a tent. Well, and what about it? Are they going to spend the remainder of their seventy-year life spans dangling their totality of four legs over two holes' ragged edges? The war ends, the peace treaty is signed, everybody is gypped but the diplomats, and the populace goes to work. In another ten years it is the man who lost the cottage who has come into ownership of a railroad, while the man who formerly owned the railroad lost everything save honor—and his seat in the Senate. He lets his honor go whang, keeps his seat in the Senate, and dictates to the cottager how much he shall charge patrons upon his transportation system. ¶ The only permanency there is about

any given situation in life is the durability of a concerned person's temperament to ride the roller-coaster that is Mortal Experience—but view it as a ride! ✿ ✿

All of which has nothing to do with Pollyanna optimism.

The man who finally gets it through his pate that just as there is no such thing as Failure, so there is no such thing as Success, has gone beyond the point where anyone can call him Average.

Again, all things are relative!

The old adage: "Up today and down tomorrow," should have gone one thought further and added: "—and up again four days from yesterday. But what of all of it?"

Being "up" of itself means nothing, aside from an item in location. Any flag-pole sitter can qualify. But being "up" by virtue of the ability in the character to make altitude as a matter of intelligent energy-expenditure, means everything. For one thing, it means a prime life-lesson which we come into mortality to learn. Being "up," we subsequently go "down." But unless we went down at times, or the other fellow went down—or at least there were people who were down at the same time that others considered themselves as up—"up" as a location would be unidentifiable and being anywhere wouldn't mean a thing.



HE MAN who is average, the mediocrity and the nondescript, thinks of "up" and "down" as finalities or permanencies.

Much of such psychology can be traced to the nonsensical materialism that each mortal has but one life to live, following which he will be a long time underground—and nowhere else that anyone can check on.

But the person who breaks away from being Average, considers the ebb and flow of fortune as merely a method perfected by Nature and Nature's God to qualify the attainments of the character.

Using another metaphor, life in this regard is like learning to ride a horse. Any fool can climb upon a horse's back and fork his legs over the saddle. The horse moves, and he flatters himself that he is "riding" because he doesn't pitch off. But truly learning how to ride, is learning how to "take a tumble" if the horse misbehaves. The man who learns to ride, learns how to fall off so that he breaks no bones in the process. We should learn to ride Life the same!

¶ When being "up" means little to a man beyond the opportunity to employ his faculties and talents to the fullest, being "down" means only a temporary embarrassment that comes through an enforced curtailment of those faculties and talents. After all, neither principalities nor powers, nor all the king's horses and all the king's men, can take from a given individual the ability to rise up again after being overthrown or impoverished, if the business of rising be a fundamental of his character. So to talk of "a moment's mistake ruining the life" is to treat with absurdities.

The life doesn't manifest that can be "ruined," if the word be considered in its root significance. There never was such a thing as a "thoughtless mistake" that could not be rectified, the moment that understanding succeeded ignorance. The only real loss or ruin that can come to the individual is spiritual—closing the mind or the heart to the increments of Experience and refusing to learn with malice aforethought. That is more than loss or ruin. That truly is Retrogression, Degeneration!

And the penalty of Retrogression and Degeneration is gradual loss of identity—a slipping back into a fog or coma of erased Self-Awareness.

That is Death, indeed, and if the truth be known, the Only Death There Is!

But mistakes? Losses?

They are nothing but cosmic examinations to ascertain whether God has overlooked pupils who merit divine promotions! ✿ ✿



Would a Remade World Be One After your Own Ideas?



THE POLITICAL unit that we call our nation, as well as the display of organized life that we term our race or species, is composed in the main of human beings who classify into types, and who insist by their behavior that their types shall be preserved. Yet they gripe at mortal life as they find it, not discerning that the reasons why complaint comes to them so easily, have to do strictly with themselves and not with the scheme of society of which they are the parts.

The average person, without much awareness of the fact, is suffering from ten handicaps, each keeping him average—

First, he has never provided himself with much of a blueprint for his career, giving "head and tail" to it, and proceeding toward some kind of premeditated success despite any obstacle thrown in his pathway;

Second, he lets himself be deluded by the belief that most of his troubles are caused by a continual shortage of money, whereas money would come to him unsolicited if he would give his vocation his first concern, and identify himself therewith as a specialist;

Third, he doesn't accept his marriage as being in a separate pigeon-hole from his Will-to-Power that takes him into what he aspires to achieve—something that would have happened anyhow, if not

with one woman then with another—but lets his marital handicaps alibi his lack of initiative and enterprise;

Fourth, he makes his children what they are, by the example he sets before them daily and hourly, but uses them as butts of his animosity and spleen if he can't get power and social recognition outside his home;

Fifth, he doesn't recognize that his mediocrity is a subconscious willingness to repay his obligations to Cosmos by accentuating and preserving his type, but that the time arrives in every career when he is expected deliberately to break away from type and develop an individuality apart from common pattern;

Sixth, he is easily crushed by misfortune or criticism because he fails to recognize that his sensitiveness is Nature's way of indicating that he has reached the place where he should abandon loyalty to type and venture on his own;

Seventh, he lets powerful personalities influence him because he is subconsciously aware of his own deficiencies, and yet is not quite ready to stand up to a conscious responsibility for the karma that he might create in stroking in his own right;

Eighth, he shrinks from ordeal because he has not yet developed equilibrium so that ordeal cannot retard him spiritually, and he hates to acquire the equilibrium, resentful of the energy-expenditure which heavier responsibilities

will exact from him; ✿ ✿ ✿
Ninth, he has not yet attained to that understanding of higher Cosmic laws where he perceives that fundamentally there is no such thing in life as a "mistake," and that no matter what experiences his career encompasses, they hold permanent profits if he will but admit it.

Lastly, he wants the world readapted so that its conditions cater to his weaknesses, or indulge him in his deficiencies, instead of admitting that he is expected to meet standards that have been introduced into organized human affairs for the general elevation of all, by Great Mentalities who behold the advancement of the human race by cycles.



LT STANDS to reason that when the solitary human being finds fault with a prevalent system of affairs, he is attesting in substance that it does not accord with prior findings of his spirit, or does not serve profitably the dictates of his career at the current moment.

The average person fails to grasp that the world as it exists, is not to be remade according to his personal desires or caprices.

What the average person needs to do, is to set about understanding why conditions of which he disapproves are what they are, what specifically has made them, and whether the friction which results when his character clashes with them is an indication that he is behind or ahead in the Human Procession. A given person can find quite as much profitless fault with society because he is operating ahead of its mass tempo, as he can complain because he seems to be left behind in the social procession without anyone beside his wife weeping many tears about it.

Have you ever stopped to think what a weird world this would be, if every person in it had the opportunity to remake it after the character-pattern which he has arrived at, in the present?

One man would have the world made workless, so that everybody could lie abed till eleven a. m. and even after arising, spend the balance of the day in physical or mental apathy. In such a state of things, society would disintegrate and the race perish of human want within a twelve-month. Another man would reorganize society so that no one was called to remain in one place very long, and universal travel become society's motif. Soon there would be no profit whatever in travel, because everybody would be doing it and wherever the place visited, all the inhabitants would be in motion.

Another man would have society made over so that humanity followed one universal religion—of course according to his own spiritual observations—and the element of inquiry disappear forever. This would mean that spiritual concepts would forever remain static and crystallized, and men would have no different views at the end of any ten-thousand-year period than at its beginning. Making the world over to suit the dictates of one person, would result in a world wholly without variety and the constant daily comparison between temperaments that makes for spiritual and mental aggression.

People who persist in remaining in a funk until the world is reorganized along lines of their own notions, are disclosing that they have missed the very kernel and essence of the entire Life Scheme: the unfoldment and expansion of individuality in the solitary case through the frictions that are manufactured as temperaments in different degrees of attainments act and react on one another, either by force or in the nature of example.

That it takes "all kinds of people to make a world," is not an expression of philosophical resignation, but a method of indicating that one has grasped what the Creator sought to achieve by projecting the mundane universe at all.

Mark Twain once put it that "Differences of opinion make horse races."

Differences of opinion are demonstrations of differences of temperaments, and differences of temperaments are living expositions of where each person has attained in cosmic unfoldments.

A person, remember, has the unfoldments, the temperament, and the opinions which he does, strictly as the result of the ordeals which he has experienced. The more ordeals, the more experience, the more experience the more unfoldments, the more unfoldments the broader and finer the expression of the personality.

The world isn't a market where only one line of goods are to be sold and naught else. The world is a bazaar where every kind of goods may be acquired—if one has what it takes to procure them.

All of which isn't saying that if the streets of the bazaar are befouled, we shouldn't join with merchants and customers in cleaning it up, so to make its condition spiritually sanitary, or, if gangs of cut-throats descend upon the bazaar to despoil all and sundry, we shouldn't do our parts in supporting some sort of police force that protects the individual in possession of his goods and moneys.

We are discussing certain "systems" against which mediocre people constantly cavil because they have tried no analysis to determine what the true purposes are, which such systems endure to serve.



As a matter of fact, when we come right down to it, the world doesn't need a Making-Over. The world needs a sagacious Understanding of why its components are what they are. It's the Mortally Visiting Individual who truly needs the making over. Or rather, he needs to have it pointed out to him that by his own lack of proper self-qualification, he is acknowledging that he is a misfit in such section of the world or so-

ciety as he may be occupying at any given instant.

The sensible thing then, is to drop the notion of wanting the world made over to suit the cosmic gradation of the individual at the moment, and begin considering what is wrong with one's own personality that it doesn't function smoothly in Things As They Are.

After all, the world does contain individuals by the scores of thousands who haven't a single gripe to make at life, who wouldn't change society in the slightest iota, and who get along swimmingly with all prevalent systems as the true sophisticates. The very existence of these people demonstrates that it cannot be the features of the world that are at fault, since if it were so, no one would be satisfied with any aspect of it, anywhere.

So it all boils down to this: The Man Who Gripes, is the man who has done little or no thinking about himself, and yet would penalize the world for not slowing down its tempo to his insufferable mediocrity.

What right has any one individual to expect that something like two billions of other human beings would do such a thing? Can you name one other human being, outside of your own family circle, for whom you would be willing to do it, yourself? Why then expect all other human beings to conform to you? Think on these things! Start the epochal business of giving yourself a good overhauling. Start from the premise that the world has pegged you to date for about what you're actually worth to society, but you're going to stop your griping at it, and make yourself over. ¶ Remember, that which hurts, educates! And self-analytical thinking can become the most painful thing in life! Don't start turning your world upside down. Start out turning yourself upside down! Climb out of mediocrity without tooting any trumpet! Don't worry that folks won't note it for themselves! ✻ ✻

"A Thrill-of-a-Book for a Shut-in Friend"

Have you a friend whom physical disability is confining within the walls of enforced inactivity? Would you put a book in his hands that sweeps him away to the freedoms and heroisms of America's pioneering Yesterdays?

Send him a copy of
WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY'S

"Bright Trails"

and let him sail the blood-red seas with Captains-Stalwart of High Romance!

Here are the stories of the Discoverers of our continent, not told in the dry-as-dust historical form but presented in the pattern of Vivid and Intimate Biography, rich in human nature and besmeared with flaming sunsets!

Pinzon, Cabot, Vespucci, Balboa, Magellan, DeSoto, Cortez, Verrazano, Cartier, Coronado, Drake and Hudson — all are brought forward in this new way of presenting American history: real flesh-and-blood persons, laughing and strutting and sobbing and winning, scarcely suspecting how posterity would regard them, even as today WE may not be aware that WE may be regarded as the Immortals of Tomorrow! Over 400 pages of entrancing reading, done into a beautiful volume bound in wine-red leatherette. Each Personage portrayed in a sketch by "Hial" ✚ Something to carry the Shut-In up green billows of fresh Aspirations



The Price is \$3 for the Volume, Postpaid

THE PELLEY PUBLISHERS : : : : : ASHEVILLE, N. C.



“JEWS SAY SO!”

is the title of a remarkable new booklet that has just come from the presses of Pelley Publishers containing attestments out of the mouths of the world's leading Judaists that Communism and Judaism are synonymous. Jews brag that they will alter our form of government and exterminate our hated Christian religion.

Here is the Booklet that you have long awaited!

FOR years the controversy has been strong and acrimonious as to whether or not Communism has been Jewish instigated and Jewish promoted. The one sure place to find out the truth should be from the outstanding leaders of world Jews themselves. If they concede, even brag about, the fact that Communism is Jewish, why should not we Christian-Gentiles begin to take them at their word—and act accordingly?

Pelley Publishers have searched the literature of modern Jewry to get the material for this 60-page booklet

that offers you in concentrated form, page upon page of statements out of the mouths of Jews both high and low, that they are the originators and backers of Communism, and that they hope through its success to thereby dominate the Christian-Gentile nations of the earth. **Shall we let them do it?**

WHAT a silly business it is, to say that Jews are not responsible for Communism, when the outstanding spokesmen for Jewry declare boastfully that they *are!* And here is the timely booklet—pocket-size—that gives you the spokesman, the place where he made his statements, *and what he said!*

This Booklet will unquestionably enjoy as great a vogue as the earlier Pelley eye-opener:

“What Every Congressman Should Know!”

Order your copies today and have irrefutable evidence in your pocket when your Jewish acquaintances try to tell you that “they have no use for Communism!”

PRICE: Single copies 25 cents : Six for \$1.00 : 100 copies for \$12.50, Postpaid

THE PELLEY PUBLISHERS

Box 2630

ASHEVILLE, N. C.



“Dupes of Judah!”

¶ This world is filled with people of pacific temperaments, who like to believe that the horrors of war can be avoided by the citizens of a country “thinking nice thoughts.” Well, perhaps they can, but the surer method is to expose the devastating truth as to just what elements bring wars about, and cause innocent men to die, that their interests may be served. Today the plotters in control of America’s government are trying to provoke another world conflict in which thousands of fine American boys will lose their lives.

Would you aid in spreading the grisly truth about the causes of the last war to stop another?

¶ Two months ago the publishers of this magazine brought out an 80-page booklet called **Dupes of Judah**. It exposed irrefutable evidence of just what went on behind the scenes of the last World War and what was being done along similar lines to involve us in another. Real pacifists are now buying and circulating this booklet in lots of a hundred to a thousand at a time, and the Administration’s plans for putting us in the new brawl overseas are going completely sour. Get your quota of these booklets and help make their circulation a million!

THE PRICE IS SIX FOR \$1—ONE HUNDRED FOR \$12.50

PELLEY PUBLISHERS

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

YOUR PELLEY BOOK-SHELF

will not be complete without

The New Deluxe Edition of “No More Hunger”

done on deckle-edged ivory paper, in the easy-reading type and beautiful margins that distinguished *Behold Life*, and bound in the same wine-red leatherette covers.



HOUSANDS of readers, over the past six years, persuaded that the Christian Commonwealth Program is the only sane and equitable solution of our nation's ills, have wanted to own copies of **No More Hunger** in a more substantial and durable form than has featured the publishing of this work to the moment. All over the nation, too, are hundreds of purchasers of the Liberation Books, compiling a bookshelf of the Pelley volumes, who have been waiting to add **No More Hunger** to

their leatherette Deluxe First Editions. During the month of March, the Publishers reset **No More Hunger** in the larger, more easily read type, making a book of 344 pages, intended solely for those book-lovers who want to own this Economic Bible in the more serviceable and pretentious format. Most of them are being bound in the wine-red leatherette, but fifty copies have been done in full leather, for which a dollar more per copy is charged. ¶ If you want to own one of these Deluxe Copies, speak quickly! They will not last long.



500 COPIES ARE AVAILABLE AT \$4 EACH

THE PELLEY PUBLISHERS : : ASHEVILLE, N. C.

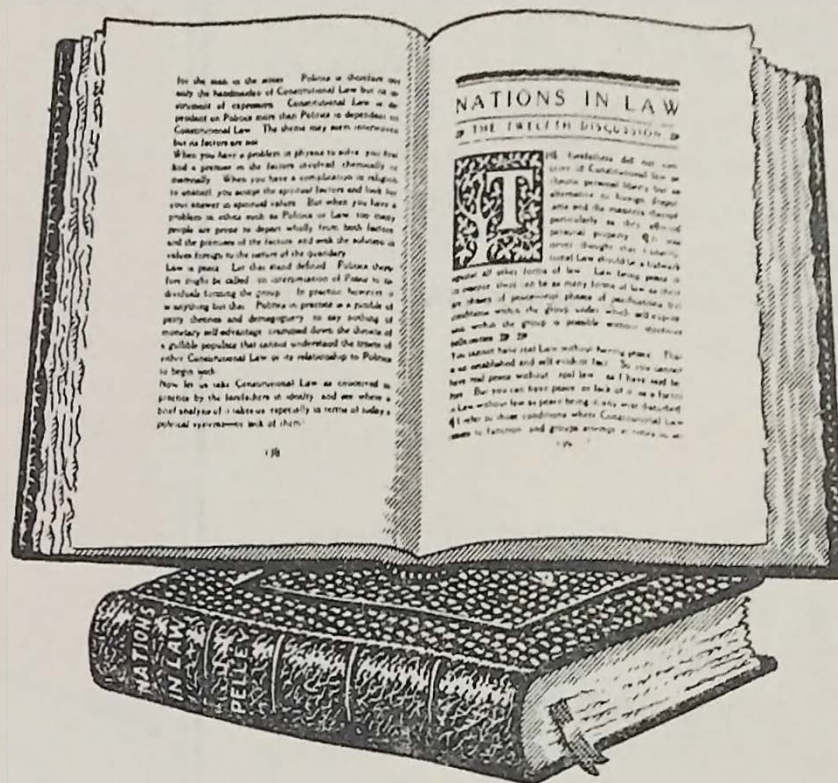
"A startling College Course in Political Esoterics for only \$5."

In the Two Deluxe Volumes of

"NATIONS IN LAW"

By

William Dudley Pelley



THE TWO deluxe books, issued under the title *Nations-in-Law*, are acknowledged to be a pair of peculiar volumes. Frankly, they were not written for popular circulation. They took ten years to write, and books that require ten years to write, contain a wealth of research and analysis that can only be assimilated and used by the erudite person. Nevertheless, *Nations-in-Law* has proved a publishing surprise. For the first time anywhere it has offered the serious-minded reader an exposition of Constitutionalism, the difference between a Republic and a Democracy, and an outline of the Parliament of Man—which is coming after the clutch of world Jewry on the nations has been broken—that has already accorded this work an enduring place in the civic literature of our period.

NATIONS-IN-LAW is a pair of books to be bought and studied! It offers in 668 exquisitely-printed pages what is equivalent to a course in all such fundamentals of constitutional law and international liaison as are needed by the intelligent American citizen for playing his role in the new World Order that has started with the uprooting of the Jews of Germany under Adolf Hitler.. *The treatment is unique because the Author has written almost wholly from the Esoteric standpoint!* The theme is one of the application of Law generally to mortals obeying the behests of the Great Cosmic Forces operating behind all life.. After reading these two volumes you will have had a glimpse into the quality of the leadership behind the pro-Gentile forces throughout grievously stricken America.

¶ It is a mark of distinction to own these two volumes and be familiar with their contents. A \$5-bill slipped in an envelop brings them to you by return mail!

PELLEY PUBLISHERS

Box 2630

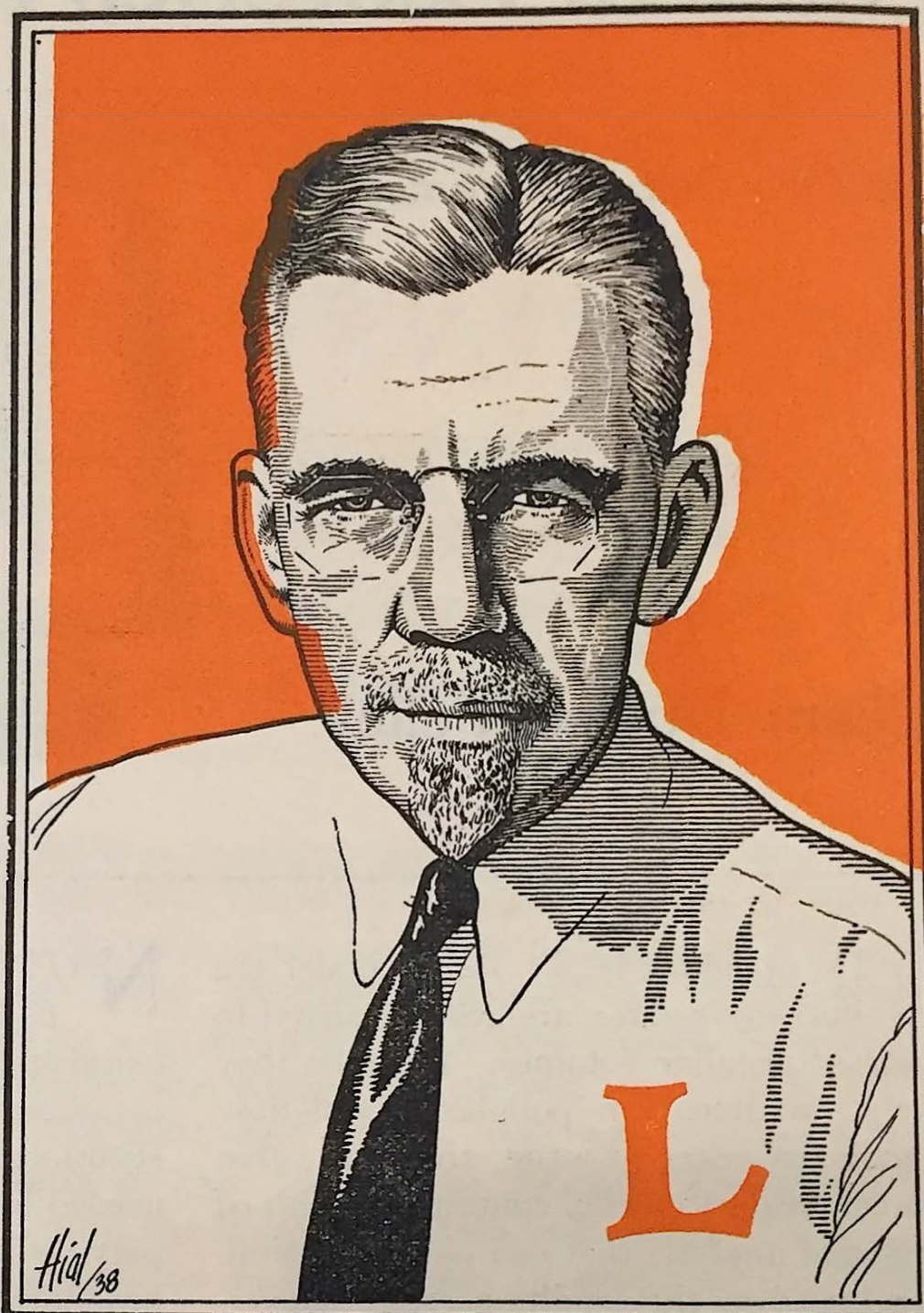
ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Why not read the *FULL* details of "Seven Minutes in Eternity"?

Thousands of people read the article, *My Seven Minutes in Eternity* in the *AMERICAN MAGAZINE* without being aware that it had been radically chopped and shortened to fit the space which the magazine had available for it that month and issue. There is another version of *My Seven Minutes in Eternity* that has not been chopped and shortened. It can only be found in the complete autobiography of the Author—

"The Door to Revelation"

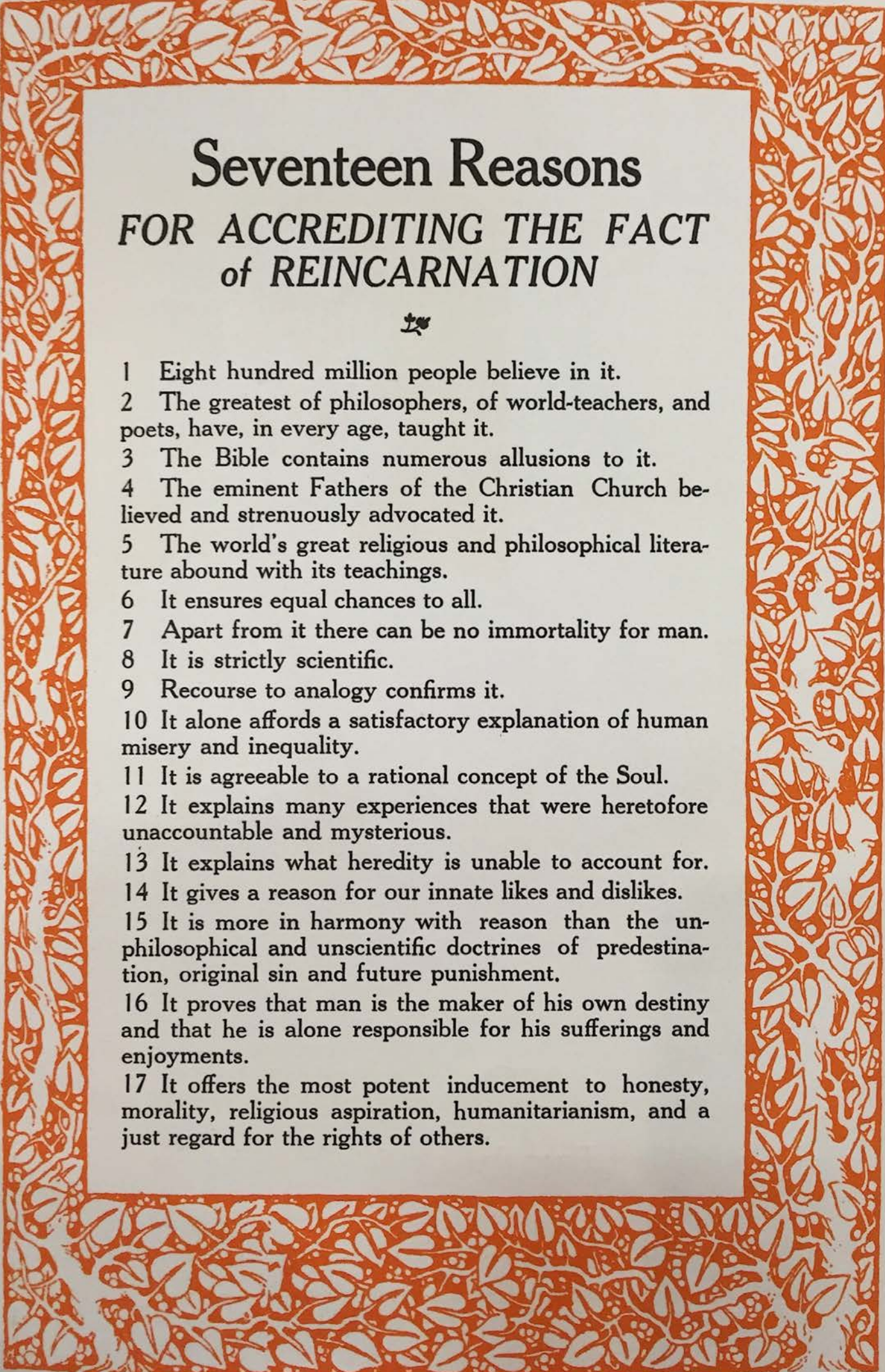
Two years ago this autobiography of the Editor of *REALITY* was bound in mimeographed form and 500 copies sold to Silvershirt leaders throughout the nation. Today, at the beginning of 1939, the popularity of the *PELLEY PUBLICATIONS* is becoming so great that a large press-printed edition of Pelley's life-story has been produced and will be ready for delivery during the month of January. In this life-story you will find a version of the Seven-Minutes Experience that will amaze you, due to the book-space available for ample narration and the background for the Experience which is delineated in the pages that precede it. In short, you cannot understand *My Seven Minutes in Eternity* without reading something like 200 pages of *THE DOOR TO REVELATION*. Incidentally, the autobiography in its new form will surprise and delight you. It has been done into 500 pages, the same margins and general format of *Behold Life*, *Thinking Alive*, and all the other Pelley books. The popular \$2



edition is printed on white paper and bound in silver-gray cloth. The illustrated \$4 edition is very "deluxey"—being done on deckle-edged paper with headings and chapter initials in color. The \$4 edition is bound in wine-red leatherette. There will be a few choice copies of the latter edition done in full red sheepskin, tooled in gold, priced at \$10.

No reader of *Reality* should be without his copy of this story of Pelley's life

ORDER THE EDITION YOU PREFER IMMEDIATELY FROM
PELLEY PUBLISHERS, Asheville, North Carolina



Seventeen Reasons

FOR ACCREDITING THE FACT of REINCARNATION



- 1 Eight hundred million people believe in it.
- 2 The greatest of philosophers, of world-teachers, and poets, have, in every age, taught it.
- 3 The Bible contains numerous allusions to it.
- 4 The eminent Fathers of the Christian Church believed and strenuously advocated it.
- 5 The world's great religious and philosophical literature abound with its teachings.
- 6 It ensures equal chances to all.
- 7 Apart from it there can be no immortality for man.
- 8 It is strictly scientific.
- 9 Recourse to analogy confirms it.
- 10 It alone affords a satisfactory explanation of human misery and inequality.
- 11 It is agreeable to a rational concept of the Soul.
- 12 It explains many experiences that were heretofore unaccountable and mysterious.
- 13 It explains what heredity is unable to account for.
- 14 It gives a reason for our innate likes and dislikes.
- 15 It is more in harmony with reason than the unphilosophical and unscientific doctrines of predestination, original sin and future punishment.
- 16 It proves that man is the maker of his own destiny and that he is alone responsible for his sufferings and enjoyments.
- 17 It offers the most potent inducement to honesty, morality, religious aspiration, humanitarianism, and a just regard for the rights of others.

A New Commandment



MY DEARLY BELOVED: A new commandment I deliver to your reason: Inasmuch as ye have light and knowledge of that which transpireth, give unto him that soweth in ignorance, deliver unto him whose fears are a tumult.

2 For ye have been favored beyond your brethren: inasmuch as ye have heard these words of My wisdom ye have gained to a treasure that enricheth you eternally.

3 Hear ye My words; know that I address you; open the coffers of that wisdom and pour your treasure outward;

4 For they sit in penury who have no cause to suffer, they sit in woe who have known no defilements;

5 They whose hearts are pure make their beds in a befoulment, those without guile are stalked by a beast.

6 My beloved, I adjure you: I have spoken My love, I have uttered My promise, I have said there are ninety and nine rendered unto your care and left unto your service; behold I say there are ten thousand times ten thousand who know not a shepherd, who wander in darkness.

7 Hath it not been said of old that he whose heart is pure ascendeth to a kingdom?

8 I say unto you, the kingdoms awaiting you are beyond your accounting if you have love for those who falter, if ye do see them as children of light who have turned into darkness, if ye do light that darkness and reclaim them from its peril.

9 I tell you that ye do have a mission in this: that inasmuch as I did come unto the world to sow a great Seed, so came ye into the world to mow a vast harvest, to know a rich increase . . .

From the Twentieth Liberation Script